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PART LVI.

FRANCE.

Is self-government impossible for Frenchmen; and if so, why? Experience seems to show that it is; perhaps one reason may be because individual Frenchmen are not contented with governing themselves alone; because such a number of them must take an active part, not in their own affairs only, but in their neighbours' also. Power can only be intrusted to all individuals of a nation in common when each has come to care very little about the exercise of that power. In a society where each man considers that his neighbour's well-being is committed to his keeping, that it is his duty to keep his eyes upon his friend's movements,—to warn, to encourage, to denounce, and, when need is, to interfere forcibly with his actions,—these social relationships become so odious, so complicated with every thing that is mean, disgraceful, and irritating, that it becomes necessary to escape the tyranny of the many by submitting to the tyranny of one. Utter indifference to our neighbours' motives and opinions, religious, social, or political, is the first and most necessary condition of settled constitutional or democratic government. With this indifference is intimately connected that political indolence which is the salvation of the English state. If every molecule of our people-king was as feverishly sensitive to every social and domestic measure as the bores of a vestry are to parochial questions, our parliaments would soon come to an end. Our safety is in the sublime indifference of the immense majority of the persons who constitute our ruling classes to their neighbours' domestic and social affairs. This external and even affected indifference, besides being the first of political virtues, is the thing which our English education inculcates on us as the paramount duty of a gentleman. At school we soon learn

what becomes of the tell-tale or the sneak. At the universities we dare not speak to a man before we are introduced to him; we must not even talk about those whom we do not know. In the world we hate, detest, and abhor all spies, busy-bodies, intermeddlers, Paul Prys, match-makers, scandal-mongers, motive-mongers, and the whole genus of those who interfere with other persons' affairs. We admire city life, because there your next-door neighbour knows and cares no more about you than he does about the man in the moon. We scorn the coteries of country towns, and the village vestries, more for their importunate interference with details that do not concern them than for their ignorances, prejudices, or other follies. This, and not the cruelties attributed to the institution, is the element that rouses our ire when we talk of inquisitions; 'inquisitorial' is an adjective that retains no smell of thumb-screws or fagots, but simply reminds us of an indiscreet individual catechising us on our belief, our practice, or our income. When our sapient countrymen fall foul of the confessional, you may notice that it is generally abused as a compulsory institution; the gravamen of the charge is, that priests practise on our fears or hopes, and employ moral if not physical force to make us vomit up the unwholesome memories that trouble our consciences. Here is the root of our prejudice against paternal or sacerdotal governments. We consider it detestable that any body should claim the same right of catechising us when we are grown men as our father has when we are boys, or as we allow the priest when we have accepted him as the organ of God's revealed religion. For this reason we hate the continental system of police and passports; we do not see what right a man has to ask us where we are going, why we want to go there, and how long we mean to stop. We would rather sit at home, we would rather be a chained dog and bay the moon, than a wanderer on such terms. So, again, with our parliaments: we elect our members, and commit the reins to their hands for seven years; it is only the exception when a constituency, under the influence of some busy Radical, keeps intertering with its representative, and calling him to a monthly account for his votes or his attendances. People laugh at the few members who call their constituents together after each session to explain and defend their conduct. So too with the Government: we let it go its own gate; we may grumble and write letters to the papers, but still we do nothing to upset it till it outrages our feelings, and we rise and kick out the ministry: then we give their successors a trial; that is, we wait patiently to see how they can govern us. We do not tie them down before-

hand to certain measures, or interfere with the details of their administration, but leave them to themselves, and judge them by the result after a fair time of trial.

Such is our character,—not by force of blood or race, but by force of education. It has nothing to do with our Anglo-Saxon descent; Teutonic blood as pure as ours up to this day remains in a state tolerant of inquisitions and perquisitions and police-agencies. We ourselves, three centuries ago, were as troublesome busy-bodies as any people under the sun before or since; and at the same time, perhaps consequently, we were tyrannised, Tudorised, whipped like naughty boys, taught the opinions we were to hold and the words we were to speak by proclamation; subjected to search, catechism, arrest, imprisonment, torture, every amenity by which the inquisitive executive hoped to be able to drag our tongues from between our teeth, and to fathom our opinions, our hopes, and our principles. One could not have been without the other. No tyranny can last unless it is fed by informers; no systematic information is possible without a personal taste in the governed to mix themselves up in matters that do not concern them, without a wish in the majority of persons to have some share in the government and administration of every other person's conduct.

To convince himself of the truth of this, a reader has only to go to the State-Paper Office, and see the immense mass of documents addressed to the directors of the destinies of England; which papers were considered of enough importance to be preserved, though they are filled with nothing but the most contemptible and frivolous personal details. Thus Edward Grant writes to the Earl of Leicester, in 1583, about Higgon, who, “when I gave God thanks for our meat, and prayed for the state and gospel, turned away his face and would not say amen; and maintained at the table that ministers might marry, but priests could not. I asking him what difference between them, and why lawful for one and not for the other, he scoffingly answered thus: ‘It is written in St. Paul, 29th chapter of Bevis;’ tauntingly jesting at the word. ‘A fit book,’ quoth I, ‘to disauthorise priests’ marriages.’” Most of the religious papers in the same collection are of this calibre: magistrates writing about letters which they kidnapped from lackey-boys, whom they stayed because they had “no great liking” for their faces; solemn inquiries by theological squires whether certain persons traitorously believe that Eusebius says the Council of Nice was called by the Pope and not by Constantine, or that Constantine sat there only by leave of the Bishops; noblemen, knights, and gen-

tlemen thinking it not derogatory to turn informers, and to be the professional spies of the government. A sick man goes down to Bath for his health, and has "little else to do" than to "hear" of the doings of all his neighbours, and report them to Walsingham, "not as an ambitious informer to procure himself gain, but as a poor sick man that loves the queen's majesty and his country, and prefers Christ's religion beside all mundane matters." When Englishmen could not leave one another alone, but must needs report all they heard of each other's opinions, carriage, conversation, friends, expenses, and every frivolous item that makes up the commonest every-day life, it was impossible that they should do otherwise than succumb to a tyrant. The petty tyranny that all would have exercised over each, and each over all, could only be regulated, checked, and made tolerable by giving it a certain unity in the hands of the queen and council.

We do not pretend to say that modern French society resembles that of England in the time of Elizabeth; but we think that there is something in the French character as at present developed which reminds us of the Englishman of the sixteenth century. To begin with the education: the French school is tolerant of that which English boys will not usually bear, the spy system; prefects, agents of the master, mix with all amusements of the boys. Eyes and ears may be applied to key-holes, listeners and reporters are not discouraged. Hence the loss of feeling against spies; moreover, from this continual schooling in play-hours, this intermeddling of the masters with the relaxation of the boys, there results a unity and a logical consistency in French education which, if it has its advantages, is also productive of most pernicious results. In England, as we all know, there is a dualism in our schools; the boys are in continual opposition, if not with the master, at least with their lessons. The young fellows form a republic among themselves; a small society with its own rules, opinions, laws, and character. What they learn in school is outside all this, and does not mix with their life. They read about Brutus and Cato, and Cæsar and Cicero, and Achilles and the rest, and think them horrid bores. They are quite contented that so many of Livy's decades have perished, and only think it a pity that they have not all gone the same way. Cardinal Mai and his palimpsests would stink in their nostrils, if they were near enough to be smelt. They vow that when they once have their liberty they never will look at Virgil again. The matters which really interest them are cricket, football, boating. The fate of Turnus or Hector draws no tears from their eyes. Yet, in spite of their want

of classical enthusiasm, the rudiments of grammar, poetry, history, are decently taught; and our British public is not backward in a taste for reading. But in France, the love of system and of logical unity prevails in school and college. The lessons taught are not external to the scholar; but they enter into his life, modify his opinions, form his conduct. The young people do not form a republic of their own, with its traditions and character. They are an unconnected, unorganised mass, susceptible of the organisation which the prefects and the schoolmasters impress upon them. They have no life of their own, in comparison of which they despise that of all the Brutuses in the world; but they come up to be formed, ready to receive any shape which the system can impress upon them. They are drilled and taught their trade like young soldiers; and their life-catechism is the collection of classics. Hence young Frenchmen, when they leave college, instead of being representatives of the Christian civilisation of the nineteenth century, are only bad imitations of ideal Romans, clamorous for Roman institutions, having before their eyes the examples of Roman "dignity," the brazier of Scævola, the tub of Regulus, the dagger of Brutus; not the examples of Christian sanctity, of French chivalry, or even of British perseverance and industry. Priests and politicians see the evil, and many are desirous of the abolition of classical studies. Father Ventura boldly demanded it of the Emperor in the chapel of the Tuileries. He never thought of abolishing that unity of education which induces this necessary connection between thought and action. Why cannot boys attain the power of knowing evil without doing it? Why cannot the teaching be altogether separated from the education, as we believe it is in the College of St. Louis at Paris, and as it certainly is in some of the old public schools of England through the tradition of the boys? The unity of education makes all schools professional. There is nothing like liberal arts or sciences. Nothing is taught merely as an external appliance to mould or colour the mind; every thing is incorporated with it, so as to be used as an instrument, and to be practised in life. The lessons of Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust, are as practical as those of the "codes," or of the clinical lecturer. This is not so in England. We have an intellectual life, which we force ourselves to keep quite separate from our practice. Mrs. Browning nearly expresses our feeling when she says,

". . . I read my books
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark there. We get no good

By being ungenerous even to a book,
 And calculating profits. . . . It is rather when
 We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
 Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
 Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,—
 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

That is to say, our reading should not be professional, as Bentley would have it, who rebuked his son for reading a novel, and asked him why he read what he could never quote? Its object should be, not practice, but knowledge and taste. Practice is a simpler thing, and is taught better by a penny catechism than by all the scientific treatises or *belles lettres* in the world. The two things should be kept wide apart; for the want of duality in the original training tends to confound theory and practice, and to make men forget the stability which must be allowed to practical principles, even while they are being made the subjects of philosophical speculation and doubt. More's *Utopia*, or the Social Republic of the Moderns, are read as romances in England; they tickle the fancy, but no one ever even dreams of reducing them to practice. In France men are not contented till they put their theory to the test. The English public stops to read the furious political or electioneering placard, and goes home to dinner. The French public reads, descends into the streets, and makes a revolution. There is no patience; all stability must be sacrificed, all natural growth torn up by the roots, for the benefit of the last new intellectual bubble. No one, either Catholic or atheist, will allow that public order, honesty, and decency can possibly be kept alive while disputes are going on about religion and philosophy. We must be atheists before we can be just, says Proudhon; we must be Catholic, Ultramontane, traditionalist, unless we wish to be immediately plunged into the most frightful revolution, says the *Univers*. No one thinks of saying, Let us be quiet and patient; or of giving time to discuss the matter quietly, dispassionately, and reasonably. No, your opinions must act; while you hold such ideas you cannot be quiet; you are a nuisance to society, you must be exterminated. All France agrees in the sentiment; and as Frenchmen know one another better than we can pretend to know them, we can only conclude that it is so, and that their frightful unity and consistency deprives them of the practical power of holding in suspense the consequences of theory, and letting habits prevail against doubts, difficulties, and crude opinions. This seems to us a radical defect in their education, which, as we practically show in England, can be surmounted by separating the technical

teaching from the practical training of the rising generation, by making the due distinction between *l'éducation* and *l'enseignement*, and by giving education its due preponderance.

The professional estimate of education, which values every thing taught—grammar, history, poetry, or arithmetic—not by its influence on the mind, but by its capability of being used in life, and put to account in commerce, war, or administration, is the cause of another frightful evil. At least, as we see the same evil arising in Belgium from this cause, we suppose that we have a right to assume the same causation for it in France. In Belgium, in consequence of the laudable and most successful emulation of the clergy in competing with the government in matters of education, there is scarcely a cobbler's son in any town who has not learned the Latin grammar and more or less of Virgil. Such an education has been pressed on boys of this class as a boon; but to persons whose life has to be passed in daily struggles for bread, what possible temporal boon is there in a thing that is only for ornament, not for use? Hence the ability to read Virgil and solve equations must be made a means for gaining their livelihood. They are too highly educated to return with content to their cobbling. Nothing remains for them but some literary or quasi-literary employment; they must be either tutors, office-clerks, penny-a-liners, or functionaries. Belgium swarms with young men whose necessity it is to trade on reading, writing, and arithmetic. Medicine and the law are overcrowded; you pay your physician ninepence-halfpenny a visit, and your lawyer about the same for a consultation: one wonders how they live and keep their carriages. You get young men to copy out documents in Latin, old French, or Dutch, for rather less than twopence a folio. You may have lessons in all languages, arts, and sciences, at fabulous rates. Government is yielding to the crush and scramble; places, with little pay indeed, but still places, are being created every where; *employés* of the government threaten soon to be almost as numerous as the not employed. And then what are all these people to do? What can they do but poke their noses into what does not concern them; and more and more encourage the ministers, already sufficiently inclined that way, to have a finger in every pie, and to intermeddle with every thing which the real freeman cherishes as most sacred?

What Belgium is becoming with her parliamentary constitution, France already was in the time of Louis Philippe. To use the words of the facetious Vicomte who signs himself "Timon,"

“France made bows under Louis XIV., revolutionised under the Republic, fought under the Empire; under Louis Philippe she *functionises*. With her pen behind her ear, one hand on her bags of francs, the other on her piles of papers, she sits all day behind her desk and gives audience. Officially speaking, we have no longer aristocracy, or democracy, or monarchy. There is nothing visible, leading, influential, absorbing, or privileged, except a single class, incomparably more numerous here than in any other country of Europe, which I will call the high middle and low *bourgeoisie*. This class does not constitute the whole nation, but it constitutes the whole government; the government is its heirloom which it inherits, its property which it enjoys, its capital whereon it trades. Every *bourgeois* paterfamilias may divide his income into two parts,—that which he has from his own fortune, and that which he makes from his place. He makes both ends meet as well as he can; what he is obliged to pay away in taxes, he makes the state refund by way of salary. Every good *bourgeois* who has six sons educates six functionaries; if he is not too fond of opposition, he has a right to six fat places with six good pensions. From the crown or the secretary of state’s portfolio to the supernumerary custom-house porter, there are about a hundred thousand places for him to choose from. Hence every thing that wears a coat, that has white hands, that shaves its beard, that reads fluently and writes correctly, is either a functionary, or is going to be one. Who is there among us with a hearth of his own, a few crowns in his pocket, and a few gray hairs on his head, who has not been a functionary? To be an *employé* is so absolutely necessary for a Frenchman, he is so impatient, disputatious, combative, jealous, greedy to get a place, so much in love with it, that he has written in the third article of his charter, ‘All Frenchmen are eligible to all employments;’ an article, by the way, fundamentally inconsistent with cheap government. Our legislation runs in the same groove; we have created and are still creating, doubling, redoubling, subdividing, multiplying an infinity of places, administrations, commissions, directions, inspections, verifications, registrations, controls, stamps. There is no chamber, or committee, or vestry, high or low, that is not busy creating new places, required forsooth for the public good, and to which of course all Frenchmen are admissible. And what is there to employ all this multitude of *employés*? A tangle of formalities; a perpetual ever-recurring series of official correspondence about the preliminaries of nothing; swarms of reports, long bills, more taxes. France, I repeat, is at present neither a republic, nor an empire, nor a monarchy; but a *functionocracy*, to coin a word not unworthy of the thing.”

So the poor producers of France are taxed first of all to teach these gentlemen to read and write and cipher, and then taxed to pay them for their ineffable condescension in having deigned to acquire that knowledge. This is the heirloom

inherited from the centralisation of Richelieu and Louis XIV.; it is the only class of France that no revolution has shaken. Nothing has turned the clerks out of their bureaus, the *employés* from their places. The heads of departments have been changed, the administration survives. France struggles and wriggles, and throws one rider after another; but these horseflies stick tight, and live through monarchy, republic, empire, restoration, citizen-kingship, revolution, into empire again. But while the class lasts, what amelioration can take place in the particulars in question? It lives upon paper, ink, and stamps. How can it let a man pass without writing down the colour of his hair, and the length of his nose and of his days, and affixing to him a *timbre*, price seventy-five centimes? How can it let in or out of the country any manufacture or raw material without subjecting it to a similar process? The class lives by weighing, measuring, registering, and reporting. Clearly, then, it must have subject-matter to weigh, measure, register, and report. Simplification and liberty would be death to it. Too many Frenchmen make their meat and drink by it for France to wish to abolish it. It has become a part of their nature; their characters are modified by it. The ambition of every one who has any ambition at all is to receive at least five francs a year from the state for doing something, no matter what. Better be a secret-police agent than nothing. Better furnish reports of the comings-in and goings-out of the family in the next apartment to yours than have no official correspondence at all. Every body must have some hand in public affairs. How, then, is it possible that affairs can have any unity, except some lordly intellect grasps them, and holds them together by his powerful will? "We have too many governors," was the cry under Louis Philippe; "whom are we to follow? Every body speaks, every body commands; nobody knows whom to obey, and so nobody obeys." The multitude of governors imports the multiplicity of laws; both together import an unwarrantable extension of the matter of government. The state must invade the privacy of our homes, if not that of our consciences, when its branches are so numerous. Thus the state becomes every thing; and when it is every thing, every one,—for every one feels himself to be somebody and something, and no one can acquiesce in complete self-negation,—wishes to be the state, or to have a share in it. And thus arises that restless condition, when even property is in danger. Property implies retention, enjoyment. But when the state is the owner, how hold and enjoy that which every body is struggling to gain, and by gaining to

take from you? How is quiet government compatible with the ceaseless strife of every body to live at the public expense?

This class, as it has monopolised the government of France, so it has furnished the justification of those who have judged the French character most severely. The office-holders, without convictions, tenacious of nothing but place, have always been the first to hail a change of dynasty, and to do homage to the rising sun. With equal pliancy they hailed Louis XVIII. in 1814, Napoleon in 1815, Louis again the same year, the citizen-king in 1830, the republic in 1848, the empire in 1852. Their only anxiety was to keep their places; hunger sharpened their senses, and they snuffed the coming changes from afar. At the first defeat of the system they live under, they look out for one to succeed. They want not the stability of the government or of the empire, but of the administration. Whatever becomes of the country, into whose-soever hands it is delivered, only let the administration hold together, and transfer itself bodily into the new *régime*. It must have been the representatives of this administration, of the *bourgeois* class—men like Fouché or Ferrand—and not the great French nation itself, whom Brialmont had in view when he penned these sentences:

“The revolutionary system had enervated men’s character, and substituted for true patriotism a species of national vanity, which could be gratified only by the prestige of victory. At the first reverse the feeling evaporated; and the French people, amid the clouds of smoke which obscured the soil of Europe, saw only their own blood uselessly shed, their families wasted away, their goods taken from them, their happiness destroyed.

The French, who had forgiven Napoleon all, even to the loss of their liberties, even to his foolish wars, as ruinous as they were bloody, could not pardon his defeat. In the eyes of that fickle people success is every thing. They offer sincere homage to liberty triumphant; they are profoundly satisfied with despotism itself, if it only holds out to them the assurance of glory. With a larger amount of intelligence and generosity than any other nation, they are wonderfully deficient in consistency of thought and steadiness of principle. Legitimacy with them is coincident with success; it passes from them at once when they cease to be successful. Napoleon had experience of that weakness; he was its victim; it was inevitable.”

The French have not lost patriotism or consistency. The case seems to us to be this: As the English were for years taught by the governing classes to take for the object of their patriotism church and state, or church and king,—that is, institutions on which the said classes quartered themselves and

their children in the most comfortable way,—so now the French are convinced that France consists in the administrative unity of the nation; break this network, and she would disappear from Europe. Proudhon somewhere complains, that at a meeting of republicans it was voted almost unanimously rather to defer *sine die* the execution of their revolutionary plans than to put this unity in jeopardy. It is the essence of the nation; synonymous with *patrie*. For this the revolutionists fight behind the barricades, as well as the Emperor behind his battalions, or the clergy behind him. They all know that whoever puts his hand on this administrative unity will find it a supple instrument in his hands, as ready to register the socialist revolution as the imperial decrees. French patriotism seems at present to consist in a contest for the handle of this convenient machine.

Parties are horribly afraid of one another in France; for they are all possessed with this idea of unity. The great parties are all equally absolute; they equally wish to turn all the water to their own mill, to make the administration the representative of their own ideas. Each would be almost equally merciless towards opponents, unless the whole was controlled despotically. Therefore all who fear the struggle, all who love order, all who have little to gain but much to lose, will do any thing, lawful or not, to protract the *status quo*, and put off the revolution. Hence the unnatural union between the priest and the soldier; hence, to trade upon this union, the somewhat disedifying martial tone of the clerical papers. The law of neighbourhood, applied to neighbouring states, is rather a loose one; it allows of war if a neighbour introduces an innovation which we judge to be dangerous. But this danger must be judged not litigiously, but with fairness, prudence, and morality. "It is not," says Burke, "this or that particular proceeding, picked out here and there as a subject of quarrel, that will do. There must be an aggregate of mischief; there must be marks of deliberation; there must be traces of design; there must be indications of malice; there must be tokens of ambition; there must be force in the body where they exist; there must be energy in the mind." Did the *Univers*, and the clergy who take their views from its pages, satisfy themselves on these heads before their late uproar against our country? Did they prove that the exercise of our right of asylum, which is at least old enough to have afforded shelter to their Emperor, is a dangerous innovation? Did they show that they were in any real danger from us? Did they compare the relative novelty and danger of the London asylum and the Cherbourg arsenal? Not a bit of

it; there was never a question of right; never was starker Benthamism asserted by the most cynical socialist than was quietly assumed by this pious party. It would be useful, good for religion, and conducive to the happiness of France, to crush England. England is the only real Protestant state; without her there would be no Protestant unity. In Prussia and Holland two-fifths of the people are Catholic. Denmark, Sweden, and Hanover are too contemptible to think about. In Saxony the royal family is Catholic. England is *the* Protestant power, and when she is gone European Protestantism will be extinct. Her emissaries are now busy in France and Piedmont, in both places giving the clergy a world of trouble; in the latter place exerting a sinister influence on the population. The fall of England would cut off the sinews of war from these propagandists; *ergo, Delenda est Carthago*. The army too, the faithful ally of the clergy, has many a complaint against us. The memory of the Peninsula, Waterloo, and St. Helena is not wiped out by our playing second fiddle in the Crimea, by our joint occupation of Canton, or by our common expedition to Peking. The glory of the French arms requires a more serious test of our relative strength and prowess. France also would in some respects benefit by a war. It was the old policy of England to fight her battles on her neighbours' soil; to keep herself quiet by keeping her friends in hot water. Now nothing would be more popular in France than an invasion of England. Its popularity would hush for the moment every dangerous cry. The more we yield, the more polite we are, the more willingly we assume the second position in our common undertakings, the more offensive is the ostentation of our opinion that we are stronger than she is. "You are stronger," said the person who takes to himself the credit of having given most vigorous expression to the anti-English feeling, in conversation with ourselves,—"*you are stronger, and you take care to show it. You do not treat us with sufficient management. You go your own line without consulting us, while you interfere with all we do abroad. Would you let us interfere with your Indies? A proud nation like ours cannot endure this position,*" and so on; the result being, that till we humbly resign not only all pretence, but all reality of superior strength and influence by sea as well as by land, there will be always a war-party in France, and it will be this gentleman's duty to keep it up. And yet he is a good religious man, completely and thoroughly trusted by the great clerical party in France. We happened to be on the Continent last year, when our Indian difficulty began. Every one was wishing and prophe-

saying that our luck and our preponderance were gone; we should be kicked out of India in a month. If we suffered in this way, perhaps the *entente cordiale* would remain. If we succeeded, the French alliance was clearly gone from that moment. And now that the prognostications of our candid friends have been disappointed, there reigns a mixture of envy against us, with anger against themselves for having missed the opportunity of striking a blow while we were in trouble. Unluckily the humiliation of England yet remains to be accomplished.

English people have often sickened of war-fever on less provocation than this; and we cannot blame the French people and army, ignorant as they are of our constitution and habits, for supposing that we have maliciously set up a new and dangerous nuisance in giving asylum to their revolutionary refugees and assassins, and that our intention is to put the Emperor out of the way, and to profit somehow by the consequent troubles. But of all people in the world who have no right to be ignorant of the antiquity and universality of our right of asylum, the French clergy are the very*first. While anti-Catholic prejudice and penal laws were still in their strength amongst us,—while a Catholic was still considered by your true Briton as a kind of pagan, worse than Jew or Turk, worse than a pagan indeed, because he always mixed political treason with his horrible superstition,—during the reign of terror in France, “about eight thousand priests, two thousand laymen, and more than six hundred nuns sought refuge in England. The Protestant population gave them the most fraternal reception. The king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, forgetting all differences of belief, favoured an appeal to the country for the fugitive priests and nuns; and John Wilmot, M.P., put himself at the head of the movement. In 1793 the subscription-list amounted to 33,775*l.* In 1794 a second list, at the head of which stood the name of George III., produced 41,304*l.*; and the Parliament voted an annual grant for the maintenance of the refugees. These various sums had amounted in 1806 to 1,864,825*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*, a colossal capital for those times.” We give this statement from Margotti, a source which the French clergy will not suspect; and in reference to it we ask, Is it edifying, is it Christian, that almost the next generation of the same clergy should be the most clamorous party for our humiliation at the expense of all the horrors and miseries of war? Ought not such persons to abstain from stirring up ill-will against the representatives of those who were such disinterested friends of their fathers, and rather to allay evil

passions by explaining our true position, than to inflame the ill-will of their countrymen by the most ludicrous and unscrupulous lies, and the most contemptible reasoning? Supposing that it is true that a war with England would be the last card of the present French government, the last chance when otherwise its existence was desperate,—a dire necessity, a kill-or-cure remedy, the only means of reconciling France for a time to a continuation of the imperial rule till its glory was tarnished by some disaster,—supposing all this, is it either wise or Christian to hasten this necessity, to make the general bring up his reserves before the moment, and to be too impatient to allow time for the experiment of consolidation? How can order ever take root in the face of this perpetual restlessness? How can sensible men, instructed in morals and casuistry, scholars and gentlemen, allow themselves to be so led away by a senseless vanity or an unreasoning fear, as to cry out for such a profligate reckless injustice; and to wish to inflict such an injury on society at large, only to keep themselves quiet for a few years, with the certainty of a greater overthrow afterwards? Is it to be imagined that they can accomplish another conquest of England? Do they hope that after the conquest they will be able to impose their religion on the bulk of the nation by the sword? Such conduct is worthy of those who, too weak to do what lies in their way, dream of what they would do in other circumstances. It is to trust their existence to the chapter of accidents, or rather of improbabilities, instead of taking advantage of their present opportunities to make sure of their position in France.

Of all the things which most strike an English stranger residing in France, perhaps the want of publicity is that which most surprises him. Every man's idea of the state of public opinion seems to be drawn from the small coterie of his personal acquaintances. Doubtless the government may possess proofs and statistical details on this subject; but with the ordinary sources of information it is as difficult for a Frenchman as for a stranger to come to any decision. The proof of this is the contradiction of people's views on the matter; every one's hopes or fears are the parents of his conviction. France is as silent as a great secret society. The administration is secret; no wonder that it begets secret associations to oppose it. Here is a vast collection of men, containing hundreds of thousands who feel within themselves the talent and imperious necessity of administering, functionising, governing, which their education has awakened within them; they find themselves baffled, forced into silence, laid on the shelf,

kept in ignorance of every thing stirring, by those who have possession of the administrative machine. There is no open combination allowed; secret association is the only way left them; and this they are encouraged to put into practice by the example of the administration which they wish to usurp. In case of a revolution, their club would come out as the new machine, which would soon incorporate itself with, and take the direction of, the old.

We are not such charlatans as to recommend France to adopt our constitutional government as the panacea for all her ills. "Why don't you go to the fellow that c-c-c-c-c-ured me?" said one stammerer to another whose infirmity moved his compassion. We too have our faults, which our constitutionalism has not cured, though we think it has. But if we might venture to give our opinion, it would be, that the dangers of France have one of their roots in that absoluteness, that positiveness, that logical unity, which the French education impresses on the young. Among other effects of this unity seems to be that which strikes us Englishmen as the natural defect of our neighbours—their personal vanity. The French *moi* has become a proverb amongst us. Each *moi* wishes to be the seal that is to impress the whole world. Take the instance of writers. In England and America, though we are conceited enough, yet events have forced us to confess that we do not lead, but express, the opinion of the people. We are at best the people's mouthpieces: they are our masters, our judges, our employers; our appeal is to them, not theirs to us. We question if this is the case in France, or generally where the absolute education prevails. The little, narrow, pedantic, all-knowing soul contemplates itself with infinite satisfaction as the model and form of the coming age. We could mention a theological writer, who always has before his eyes when he writes all the twenty-four editions of his works handsomely bound; a second, who in the course of a trivial conversation of half an hour settled the question half a dozen times by telling us, "that is just the subject that I have discussed in my last book," or, "my last book but one;" a third, who informed us that his grand consolation and great reason of hope for the future of France was, that his writings had given the tone to all the journalists in the provinces who pretended to any religion at all. Personal influence is the great object of ambition: an educated Frenchman must functionise somehow,—must regulate his neighbours' opinions, if he cannot touch their finances or their conduct.

The differences which we have attempted to point out in

the education appear to explain many of the differences in the character of the two nations. We must say that we prefer our own country, though we own that much is to be said on the other side. If our English isolation and independence of individuals, indifference to each other and repression of external sympathy, makes our political liberty possible, it also makes many an excellence impossible to us. If France cannot compete with us in constitutionalism, we cannot compete with her in her missionaries, whom the love of souls transforms into apostles and martyrs. If we gain by our freedom from the functionising mania, we lose by our want of interest in, and devotion to, the welfare of our fellow-creatures. While the French unity of theory and practice enables multitudes of Frenchmen to exhibit the Christian apostolate in action, our principle of indifference threatens to put an insuperable obstacle in the way of our filling up the nineteen army chaplains' places which the spontaneous or calculated liberality of a government in difficulties has offered to us.

MR. BUCKLE'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

IN our last Number we explained the theory which Mr. Buckle's book is written to prove, and estimated his merits as a philosopher. We have now to consider his attainments as a scholar. We have to examine his competency for the task he has undertaken, and the degree of success with which he has executed it. This is the more imperatively necessary, that it would be very unfair to Mr. Buckle to judge him by the merits of his system only; for the system is not his own. We may praise him or blame him for his judgment in adopting it, certainly not for his skill in devising it. His view of "the principles which govern the character and destiny of nations" is borrowed partly from Comte and partly from Quetelet, and has already been applied, not indeed by historians, but by natural philosophers. We find it stated, for instance, by the celebrated physiologist Valentin, as follows (*Grundriss der Physiologie*, 1855, p. 10): "Chance, to which we ascribe the event of an isolated case, must make way for a definite law as soon as we include a greater number of cases in our observation. No fixed rule appears to regulate the proportion of the sexes to each other, or the relative number of twins that are born, or the kind of crimes committed within a given period. But if we extend our range of ob-

servation over millions of cases, certain regular quantities constantly recur. Where this is not the case, the causes of the fluctuation can often be ascertained by the rule of probabilities. Here, as every where, chance vanishes as a phantom of superstition,—as a result of that shortsightedness which has burdened the history of human opinion with so many apparently higher, but in reality degrading and erroneous, ideas." This nearly describes the theory which Mr. Buckle has transferred from the history of nature to the history of man. He can hardly be said to challenge inquiry into its truth. He is at small pains to recommend it to those who are not predisposed in its favour. He is more inclined to dogmatise than to argue; and treats with placid scorn all who may not agree with him, and who are attached to one or other of the creeds and systems which have subsisted amongst men. It is a characteristic of certain diminutive parties to make up by the confidence and doggedness of their language for the small support they are able to command in public opinion. It is the same spirit in which Coleridge used to be worshipped at Highgate, and Jeremy Bentham at Westminster.

Taking a survey of literature from the pinnacle of his self-esteem, Mr. Buckle repeatedly affirms that history has been generally written by very incapable men; that before his time there was no science of history; that "the most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the cultivators of physical science" (p. 7); and much more to the same purpose *passim*. He gives us, moreover, to understand, that he is as much at home in ethical as in historical literature; and delivers the valuable opinion, "that a man, after reading every thing that has been written on moral conduct and moral philosophy, will find himself nearly as much in the dark as when his studies first began" (p. 22). Having thus cleared the way for his own appearance on the neglected fields of history and philosophy, he leaves us to infer that there are very few people capable of appreciating his performance, or for whose judgment he cares a pin. He writes for a school; and uttering its oracles to the world, he may question the competency of any tribunal which does not in some degree admit his premises and consent to judge him out of his own mouth. But if we are unworthy to judge his theories, his facts at least are common property, and are accessible to all men; and it is important to see what they are worth, and how much Mr. Buckle knew about the matter when he endeavoured to make history subservient to his philosophy.

The attempt to reconcile philosophical speculation with the experience of history, and to harmonise their teaching, is

perfectly natural, and, at a certain stage, inevitable. Both are unbounded in their range, and in some sense they may be said to include each other. Neither science is perfect till it obtains the confirmation of the other. "Man," says Jacobi, "requires not only a truth whose creator he is, but a truth also of which he is the creature." Yet the comparison could take place only at an advanced period of the progress of philosophy and of the knowledge of history. Philosophy must be seen by the light of history, that the laws of its progress may be understood; and history, which records the thoughts as well as the actions of men, cannot overlook the vicissitudes of philosophic schools. Thus the history of philosophy is a postulate of either science. At the same time, history, unless considered in its philosophic aspect, is devoid of connection and instruction; and philosophy, which naturally tends to embrace all the sciences, necessarily seeks to subject history, among the rest, to its law. Hence arose the philosophy of history. "In history," says Krug, "philosophy beholds itself reflected. It is the text to which history supplies the commentary."* Both sciences had attained a certain maturity of development before they sought each other. "Philosophy," said Schelling, "ought not to precede the particular sciences, but to follow after them."† Generalisation in history was not possible until a great part of its course was run, and the knowledge of its details tolerably complete. Nor could the history of philosophy be written before it had passed through many phases, or before it had attained a considerable development. Thus it naturally happened that the philosophy of history and the history of philosophy, as they proceeded from the same causes, began to be cultivated about the same time. They are scarcely a century old.

The mediæval philosophy had taken no cognisance of the external world, until, in the sixteenth century, a reaction took place. As theology had predominated in the middle ages, now physiology prevailed in its stead. The study of nature became the first of sciences; and in the age of the supremacy of the Baconian system, Kepler and Galileo and Newton were considered philosophers. To the philosophic investigation of nature was added, in the eighteenth century, the philosophic contemplation of history. The method by which Bacon had revolutionised natural science, "*ab experientia ad axiomata, et ab axiomatibus ad nova inventa*,"‡

* Handwörterbuch der philosophischen Wissenschaften, ii. 217.

† Salat, Schelling in München, i. 60.

‡ De Augustis, iii. 3. "From experiment to axioms, from axioms to new discoveries."

came to be tried upon history. Since that time a philosophy of history has been attempted upon the principles of almost every system. The result has not always been to the advantage of history, or to the credit of the philosophers. "When things are known and found out, then they can descant upon them; they can knit them into certain causes, they can reduce them to their principles. If any instance of experience stand against them, they can range it in order by some distinctions. But all this is but a web of the wit; it can work nothing."*

The first attempt to give unity to universal history by the application of a philosophic system was made by Lessing, in his celebrated fragment on the *Education of the Human Race*. It was his last work, "and must be considered the foundation of all modern philosophy, of religion, and the beginning of a more profound appreciation of history."† He employs the ideas of Leibniz's *Théodicée* to explain the government of the world. Condorcet's *Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind* is inspired, in like manner, by the sensualist doctrines of Condillac. Kant, though perfectly ignorant of the subject, was incited by the French Revolution to draw up a scheme of universal history in unison with his system. It was the entire inadequacy of Kant's philosophy to explain the phenomena of history which led Hegel, "for whom the philosophical problem had converted itself into an historical one,"‡ to break with the system altogether. Thirty years later, when the supremacy of Kant had long passed away, and Hegel was reigning in his stead, he too set up his philosophy of history as the crown and end of his own philosophy, and as the test of its absolute truth.§ "It is for historical science," says his latest biographer, "to enjoy the inheritance of Hegel's philosophy."|| In like manner, the transcendental system of Schelling resulted in a Christian philosophy of history, of which a late able writer says that by it "the antagonism of philosophy and history, proceeding from a defective notion of the first, and an utterly inadequate view of the latter, was removed."¶ So, again, the system of

* Bacon, in Praise of Knowledge,—Works, ed. Bohn, i. 216.

† Schwarz, Lessing als Theologe, p. 79.

‡ Haym, Hegel und seine Zeit, p. 45.

§ "Gewissermassen die Probe des ganzen Systems." Michelet, Entwicklungsgeschichte der neuesten Deutschen Philos., p. 304.—"Die wahrhafte Theodicee, die Probe von der Wahrheit des ganzen Systems." Huber, Deutsche Vierteljahrs Schrift, 1853, ii. 56 —"Die unwidersprechlichste Bewährung des Systems." Haym, Allgem. Encyclop. art. Philosophie, sect. iii. vol. xxiv. p. 176.

|| Haym, Hegel, &c. p. 466.

¶ Schaarschmidt, Entwicklungsgang der neuesten Speculation, p. 194; and Schelling, Werke, i. 480, 481.

Krause presents a combination of philosophy and history in which their respective methods are blended together.* Especially since the publication of Hegel's *Lectures*, history has been generally considered by philosophers as belonging to their legitimate domain. And their dominion is such, that even a moderate acquaintance with the events of the past has ceased to be deemed a necessary or even a useful ingredient in the preparation of a philosophy of history. No system will confess itself so poor, that it cannot reconstruct the history of the world without the help of empirical knowledge. A Pole, Cieszkowski (*Prolegomena zur Historiosophie*, 1838), has a physical scheme for the arrangement of historical phenomena. According to him, light is the type of Persia, mechanism of China; Athens represents dynamic electricity, Sparta static electricity. The electro-magnetic system answers to Macedon, the expansive force of heat to the Roman empire. The dualism of church and state in the middle ages corresponds to the antithesis of acid and kali, &c. &c. The same ingenious person argues from the analogy of the natural sciences, in which, with the help of an old tooth, you can reconstruct an antediluvian monster, that history has to deal with the future, and cannot submit to be confined to the knowledge of the past. Twenty years ago, the well-known novelist Gutzkow was in prison; and not having books at hand to help him in writing a novel, beguiled the time by writing and publishing a philosophy of history.

These recent examples may serve to show us that it is not to be wondered at that an attempt should be made to obtain for a new system the sanction of history; or that, having been made, it should have produced a ludicrous result, and should have furnished the most complete confutation of the system it was meant to confirm. But we have already said that the theory is not the most remarkable part about Mr. Buckle's book. It is by his portentous display of reading that he will impose upon many in whom the principles in their naked deformity would simply excite abhorrence. The theoretical portion is completely overgrown and hidden by the mass of matter which is collected to support it, and on which Mr. Buckle has brought to bear all the reading of a lifetime. The wonderful accumulation of details and extravagance of quotation have the manifest purpose of dazzling and blinding his readers by the mere mass of apparent erudition. "So learned a man cannot be mistaken in his conclusions," is no

* According to his disciples, "der harmonische Haupttheil," "die Blüthenknospe" of the system. Erdmann, *Entwicklung der Speculation seit Kant*, ii. 676.

doubt what they are expected to say. We cannot therefore consider the success of Mr. Buckle's work as a fair indication of the extent to which the peculiar form of infidelity which he holds prevails in this country. To accept his conclusions, we must be prepared to say, *Credo quia impium*; but in order to be overawed by his learning, it is enough to have less of it than Mr. Buckle himself.

It is for this reason worth while to inquire briefly whether Mr. Buckle is in this respect so great an authority as he professes to be, and as it is commonly taken for granted he is;—whether he really possesses that knowledge of his subject which justifies him in writing upon it;—or whether, in a word, he is an impostor.

Apart from the historical excursions of modern philosophers which we have spoken of, and with which Mr. Buckle has not thought fit to make himself acquainted, the great problems of civilisation which he tries to solve have been discussed within the last few years by three eminent men, whose works have some points of similarity with his own. In 1853 a French diplomatist, M. de Gobineau, published the first portion of a work which he has since completed in four volumes, *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races humaines*. Familiar with all the latest researches of French and German writers, he investigates in great detail the laws which regulate the progress and the decline of civilisation. He finds that it depends entirely on purity of blood. The deterioration produced by the mixture of races is the sole cause of decline: "A people would never die if it remained eternally composed of the same national elements" (vol. i. p. 53). The fate of nations is unconnected with the land they inhabit; it depends in nothing on good government or purity of morals. Even Christianity has no permanent influence on civilisation: "Le Christianisme n'est pas civilisateur, et il a grandement raison de ne pas l'être" (p. 124). Whether we admit or reject these conclusions, it is unquestionable that they are founded on most various and conscientious research, and an abundance of appropriate learning, strongly contrasting with the dishonest affectation of knowledge by which Mr. Buckle deludes his readers. There is, moreover, a learned appendage to Gobineau's book, in the shape of a pamphlet of 275 pages, by Professor Pott. About the same time an anonymous work appeared at Marburg, in three volumes, bearing the somewhat obscure title *Anthropognosie, Ethnognosie und Polignosie*, in which also the laws which influence the political and social progress of mankind are explained with uncommon erudition. It was by a well-known political writer, Dr. Voll-

graff; and though disfigured by endless subdivisions and an obscure arrangement, it is undoubtedly one of the most comprehensive and instructive works that have appeared in our time. All the principal points of Mr. Buckle's theory are here discussed and illustrated with infinitely greater fullness of knowledge than in the work of our English author; and although the conclusions to which the German philosopher would lead us are not much better, at least there is much more to be learnt on the road.

The third work to which we allude is very different in style and spirit, and bears a motto which at once deprives it of any considerable resemblance to Mr. Buckle's work: *Lo bueno, si breve, dos veces bueno*. It is the work of the most eloquent and accomplished philologist in Germany,* and passes in review, in 168 pages, all the great questions which constitute the philosophy of history. The wisest sayings of the ancients, and the latest discoveries of the moderns, are brought together with incomparable taste and learning; since Schlegel so brilliant a work had not appeared on the same field.

We have drawn attention to these works, because they treat of exactly the same questions as Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, and are all written by men of distinguished abilities,—the last by one of the greatest modern scholars; because, moreover, they are the only works which during the last ten years have really advanced the study of the philosophy of history, and are therefore the first books to which any body would naturally turn who is employed upon the subject. None of them, we may add, are written from a specifically Catholic point of view; yet Mr. Buckle has never once alluded to any of them.

We may attribute this monstrous neglect of what has been done and is doing in the field which he is cultivating either to simple ignorance of the present state of learning, or to a wary dislike of whatever might not help to support his own views. There is no other alternative, and either supposition is equally fatal to his credit.

As Mr. Buckle despises the historians, and knows nothing of the principal philosophers, it may be asked, Where, then, are his authorities? The answer is given in a note (p. 5), where we are told that Comte is the "writer who has done more than any other to raise the standard of history." This is the key to the whole book, and in general to Mr. Buckle's state of mind. His view seldom extends beyond the bounds of

* Ernst von Lasaulx, *Neuer Versuch einer alten auf die Wahrheit der That-sachen gegründeten Philosophie der Geschichte*.

the system of that philosopher, and he has not sought enlightenment in the study of the great metaphysicians of other schools. The limits of his knowledge in this respect are curious. Of Aristotle, though he frequently mentions him, and in one place even places him on a level with the French physician Bichât (p. 812), there is no proof that he knows any thing at all. He tells us, for instance, that the chief writers on the influence of climate are Hume, Montesquieu, Guizot, and Comte. It never occurs to him that his favourite theory on this point is to be found in Aristotle (*Problemata* xiv.), or that Hippocrates wrote a work on the subject. Plato, though sometimes quoted, seems hardly better known. Nobody familiar with his works and life would venture upon the statement that it is doubtful whether he ever visited Egypt (p. 81); still less would a scholar with any self-respect have cited Bunsen as an authority on the matter. In reality, the only question is how long he remained there.

This is a fair instance of our author's habit of going to the wrong place for information, and ignoring the obvious authorities. Altogether Mr. Buckle, who does not commonly put his light under a bushel, exhibits acquaintance with scarcely four or five of the most common writers of antiquity.

It is not to be expected that the Christian writers should come off better: there is a good deal said about them; but it is borrowed at secondhand, generally from Neander, sometimes from Mosheim or Milman. For it makes no difference to Mr. Buckle whether a thing is true, or whether somebody has said that it is true. It is enough that it should answer some particular purpose of the moment. Indeed, although his reading appears excessively promiscuous, it is in reality selected with great discrimination. So far as we have observed, the standard work which is the real and acknowledged authority on each particular subject is never by any chance or oversight consulted for the purpose. We have shown how the case stands relatively to the general subject of civilisation. For the history of philosophy we have continual references to Tennemann, who was greatly esteemed at the time of Kant's supremacy in the schools. The progress of learning has long since displaced his work, as well as those which immediately succeeded him. Sometimes we find reference to Ritter's *Ancient Philosophy*, the most antiquated portion of his highly unsatisfactory work. The vast literature on this subject which has arisen within the last few years is never noticed. So for the history of medicine we have Sprengel and Renouard, whose books were long since superseded by the works of Hecker, Häser, and others. On India, again, we are referred to a num-

ber of obsolete publications, and the great work of Lassen is never mentioned. The same ignorance prevails on almost every branch of learning that is ostentatiously brought forward; but we should be following Mr. Buckle's very bad example if we were to go on giving lists of books which he ought to have consulted.

The title of the sixth chapter, "Origin of History, and State of Historical Literature during the Middle Ages," excited our expectations. To a man of Mr. Buckle's industry, the hundreds of folios in which the historical works of the middle ages are contained offered a splendid and inexhaustible field for the exhibition of his powers of research. Here was to be found, in the history of European civilisation for a thousand years, the secret of its subsequent progress. But Mr. Buckle's method is the same here as elsewhere. He shows himself acquainted with just half a dozen of the commonest mediæval historians; and these, if we remember rightly, with only one exception, all English. On the other hand, whatever is to be found about them in the most ordinary books,—Hallam, Warton, Turner, Palgrave, Wright, &c.,—is diligently repeated. The vulgar practice of reading the books one is to write about was beneath so great a philosopher. He has read about them, but very little in them. They could not greatly attract him; for the middle ages must be a mere blank to one who writes the history of modern civilisation without taking into account the two elements of which it is chiefly composed,—the civilisation of antiquity, and the Christian religion. Having to utter a few generalities upon the subject, it was obviously more convenient to know nothing about it, and to take counsel of a few writers who knew very little, than to run the risk of finding an imprudent curiosity rewarded by the unexpected discovery of unpalatable and inflexible facts. This safe and timely ignorance, which he has discreetly cherished and preserved, has made him fully competent to declare "that not only was no history written before the end of the sixteenth century, but that the state of society was such as to make it impossible for one to be written" (p. 299).

Agreeably to the materialistic character of his philosophy, Mr. Buckle examines with special predilection the physical causes which influence mankind. His second chapter, which is devoted to this inquiry, is the most interesting and elaborate part of the volume. In these regions he is somewhat more at home. It is but an act of justice, therefore, to give some attention to this chapter. Nowhere do the ignorance and incapacity of the author more visibly appear.

The subject here treated has very recently been raised to the dignity of a separate and distinct science ; and it has been cultivated on the Continent with extraordinary zeal and success. In no department was so much assistance to be derived from contemporary writers. Ritter, the founder of the science of comparative geography, began forty years ago the great work of which he has not yet finished even the Asiatic portion. He was the first among the moderns to determine in detail the connection of the material world with the history of man. In his footsteps a numerous school of writers have followed,—Rougemont, Mendelssohn, Knapp, &c. ; and a variety of able writers have made it a popular study.

As Ritter first established a bridge between history and geography, the link between geology and history was discovered by the Saxon geologist Cotta. Another branch of the same subject,—the connection between the vegetable world and the civilisation of man,—has been treated by the celebrated botanist Unger of Vienna.* Finally, Professor Volz† has produced a most learned work on the influence of the domestic animals and plants on the progress of civilisation. Yet Mr. Buckle is totally ignorant of the writings and discoveries of these men ; and he has therefore written a dissertation which not only does not exhaust the subject, but is of no value whatever at the present day.

The proposition that out of Europe civilisation is dependent chiefly upon physical causes, and man subordinate to nature, is proved, among other examples, by that of Egypt (p. 44). The instance is infelicitous, inasmuch as it is cited by Ritter in support of precisely the contrary view.‡ The original inhabitants of the valley of the Nile were not better off, or more civilised, than their neighbours in the deserts of Libya and Arabia. It was by the intelligence of the remarkable people who settled there that Egypt became the richest granary of the ancient world. The inundation of the Nile was rendered a source of fertility by the skill of those who made use of it. But when the vigour of the nation died away under the wretched government which succeeded upon the fall of Rome, that fertile valley relapsed in great measure into its old sterility ; the Thebais became a desert, and the Mareotis a marsh. Instead of proving Mr. Buckle's case, Egypt is the best instance of the subordination of nature to the intellect and will of man.

* *Botanische Streifzüge auf dem Gebiete der Culturgeschichte.*

† *Beiträge zur Culturgeschichte.*

‡ *Ueber das historische Element in der geographischen Wissenschaft, 1833,—in his Abhandlungen, p. 165.*

Pursuing his idea of the influence of the aspects of nature on man, Mr. Buckle, who has a theory for every thing, discovers that the cause of Catholicism lies in earthquakes :

"The peculiar province of the imagination," he informs us, "being to deal with the unknown, every event which is unexplained as well as important, is a direct stimulus to our imaginative faculties. . . . Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more frequent and more destructive in Italy, and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula, than in any other of the great countries, and it is precisely there that superstition is most rife, and the superstitious classes most powerful. Those were the countries where the clergy first established their authority, where the worst corruptions of Christianity took place, and where superstition has during the longest period retained the firmest hold."

In other words, sequence is cause, as Hume proves ; whence *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, the great logical principle of the positivists. But increase of Popery follows increase of earthquakes ; therefore—the consequence is clear. And not only is Christianity extracted out of earthquakes, but also, by a similar chemistry, Providence is derived from the plague.

Our ignorance about another life, he says, is complete :

"On this subject the reason is perfectly silent ; the imagination, therefore, is uncontrolled. . . . The vulgar universally ascribe to the intervention of the Deity those diseases which are peculiarly fatal. The opinion that pestilence is a manifestation of the Divine anger, though it has long been dying away, is by no means extinct even in the most civilised countries. Superstitions of this kind will of course be strongest either where medical knowledge is most backward, or where disease is most abundant."

It is in tropical climates that nature is most terrible, and here, says our author, "imagination runs riot, and religion is founded on fear ; while in Europe nature is subject to man, and reason rules supreme." This theme he illustrates by the extreme instances of India and Greece ; and he generalises his conclusion into the statement that "the tendency of Asiatic civilisation was to widen the distance between men and their deities ; the tendency of Greek civilisation was to diminish it." Hence "in Greece we for the first time meet with hero-worship, that is, the deification of mortals ;" this could not take place in tropical countries. "It is therefore natural that it should form no part of the ancient Indian religion ; neither was it known to the Egyptians, nor to the Persians, nor, so far as I am aware, to the Arabians ;" but it was part of the national religion of Greece, and has been found so

natural to Europeans, that "the same custom was afterwards renewed with eminent success by the Romish Church."

Perhaps no writer of pretension ever made a more disgraceful exhibition of ignorance and unreason than Mr. Buckle in these passages. Unreason; for if the Catholic cultus of saints is to be identified with the Greek deification of heroes, then certainly this deification is not simply European; it is as natural to the Indian Catholic as to the Italian or German, not to mention the Orientals. Exactly the same thing is found in Mahometanism, wherever it spreads. If Allah alone receives divine honours, any how the chief cultus is paid to the tomb of the prophet, and to the graves of the various holy personages with which Moslem countries are so thickly studded. But if this cultus is not what Mr. Buckle meant by the Greek hero-worship, then his mention of the Catholic practice is invidious, impertinent, and utterly irrelevant to his argument. Ignorance; for the "deification of mortals," so far from forming no part of the ancient Indian and Egyptian religions, was their very central idea and foundation. The fearful, terrible gods that Mr. Buckle's imagination is so full of, were only elemental deities, rising and falling with the world, destined to be annihilated; while the human soul was to last for ever, and was in its essence superior to all those beings that kept it in a tedious but temporary thralldom. The whole idea of the Vedas is the power of the Brahmin over the elemental deities, exerted by means of the sacrifice. The deities in question, though vast in power and wonderfully large, are by themselves undefined and vague; they want personality, and therefore require personal direction: though they are in some sense universal intellect and soul, yet they are formless and void; they are mere blunderers till they are directed by the more sure intelligence of minds akin to those of man. Hence, in the Vedantic genesis of things, the elemental deities are the matter or forces which compose the universe; while the intelligent agents who conduct the creative process are the seven primeval sages, Rishis, or Manus, whose very name attests their human nature.* It is by the sacrifice of these Rishis, and by the metres they chanted, that the mundane deities received their place and office in the world; and, what is more, the sacrifices of the Vedantic religion are all identified with this primitive creative offering. The seven priests who offer the Soma sacrifice, so often mentioned in the hymns, are only the successors of the primitive Rishis or Angiras, whose work they carry on. The

* See the fable of Purusha, Rig Veda, lib. viii. cap. iv. hymns 17, 18, 19; and White Yadjur Veda, cap. xxxi.

Sama Veda was their ritual; and they pretended that this ceremonial was necessary for the preservation of the universe, by continuing the action of the seven creative forces which first formed the world. In the more modern system of the Puranas the same agency is found. The world is successively destroyed and reconstructed; there are seven such revolutions in each day of Brahma, and each time the world is restored by a Manu and seven attendant Rishis. Here, instead of the subserviency of man to nature, we have the inferiority of nature to man, and the deification of men in as exaggerated a form as can possibly be conceived. The same may be said of the Buddhist system: the seven human Buddhas are successively the great rulers of the universe. And here the facts are so directly contrary to Mr. Buckle's crude speculations, that in the very country where nature is most intractable, and where natural forces exert the most terrific influence on man,—in the great frozen plateau of Thibet,—there the deification of man is carried to the farthest extent, and the Grand Llama, or living Buddha, is actually identified with the Supreme God. With regard to the Egyptians, Mr. Buckle founds a hasty conclusion on a few words of Herodotus; and cares nothing for the universal and most ancient worship of Osiris, the human god, with whom every man is identified at death in the ritual. In Egypt the human soul, or man, was superior to the elemental deities. "I am your lord," says the soul to the mundane gods, in a monumental inscription;* "come and do homage to me; for you belong to me in right of my divine father." The same doctrine may be found in the Egypto-Gnostic lucubrations of the pseudo-Hermes Trismegistus. In the Persian system, Mithra seems to have held a place somewhat similar to that of Osiris in Egypt. At any rate, so far from its being true that the deification of mortals was unknown, the fact is that the king assumed successively the insignia of each of the seven planets, and was adored by the people as the incarnate presence of each.† Of the ancient Arabian religion Mr. Buckle professes his ignorance; the name, therefore, is only inserted to swell his catalogue to the eye, without any corresponding increase in the value of his induction. As we have shown each of his other assertions to be exactly the contrary of the truth, we need not trouble ourselves with disproving one that he owns to be a mere guess. In a later page he says, that in Central America, as in India, the national religion was "a system of complete and unmitigated terror. Neither there, nor in Mexico, nor in Peru, nor in Egypt, did the people desire to represent their deities in human forms,

* Champollion, *Grammaire*, p. 285.

† Dabistan, p. 42.

or ascribe to them human attributes." On the contrary, we can prove that, in all these countries, the gods—at least the human-formed gods—are in sculptures only distinguishable from men by the addition of their respective symbols; while, on the other hand, the Egyptian kings and queens are continually represented in the characters of the various gods and goddesses whom they patronised. As to human attributes being ascribed to these gods, it is more difficult to prove this point against Mr. Buckle from the scarcity of poetical legends. But he will find his negative still harder to prove against us. In Mexico, the progenitors of our race, Cihuacohuatl (the woman-serpent, or mother of our flesh) and her husband, are placed among the thirteen great gods; and, as such, take precedence of all the elemental deities, coming next after Tezatlipoca, the creator, and Ometeuctli and his wife, the progenitors of the heroes. In Peru the Aztec sovereign was, as in Egypt, worshiped as the sun. Again, Mr. Buckle's principle is as false as his facts. Religious terrorism is in direct proportion to the humanitarianism of a religion. As among men, according to Mr. Mill, and therefore according to Mr. Buckle, cruelty is in proportion to inequality,—as the despot sheds more blood than the constitutional sovereign, and as the despot by divine right, who claims not only the civil homage but the religious veneration of his people, is obliged to be more severe than the mere military adventurer; so, when we go a step further, and raise a living man, or a caste, into the place of God, we are obliged to hedge them round with a fence of the most bloody rites and laws. The real cause of Brahmin and Mexican cruelty was not because the Divine nature was so separated from mankind, but because it was so identified with a certain class of men that this class was obliged to maintain its position by a system of unmitigated terrorism. The farther we remove God from humanity, the less we care about Him. We could not fancy an Epicurean fighting in defence of his indolent deities. As a general rule, those who persecute are willing to suffer persecution; we cannot fancy any body willing to suffer in defence of an abstract divinity: hence we suppose that the more abstract, intangible, and unreal a religion is, the less cruelty will be perpetrated in its name. This, it appears to us, is the true account of the cruelties of the religions Mr. Buckle enumerates, and not the mere influence of climate and the aspects of nature.

The origin of Mr. Buckle's mistakes here, as in other subjects, is his learned ignorance. He never goes to the best authorities; he scarcely ever consults the originals. If he

had given himself the trouble to read and understand the Vedas, which he so ostentatiously quotes at secondhand, the Puranas, the collections of Egyptian monumental inscriptions, the Zendavesta, and to understand the documents about America collected by M'Culloh, he might have given a rather more rational account of the religions which he pretends to philosophise upon.

In the same unlucky chapter Mr. Buckle declares, what on his principles was inevitable, that "original distinctions of race are altogether hypothetical" (p. 36); in support of which view that eminent positivist Mr. Mill is very properly quoted. As we have to deal now with Mr. Buckle's false learning rather than with his false theories, we can only glance at this great absurdity. For the same race of men preserves its character, not only in every region of the world, but in every period of history, in spite of moral as well as physical influences. Were not the Semitic races every where and always monotheists; whilst all Japhetic nations, from Hindostan to Scandinavia, were originally pantheists or polytheists? Epic poetry, again, is distinctive of the Indo-Germanic race alone. The most amusing example of a nation's fidelity to the character which it obtained on its first appearance in history is afforded by France. Lasaulx has collected the judgments of the ancients upon the Gauls: "Gallia," said Cato, "duas res industriosissime persequitur, rem militarem et argute loqui. Mobilitate et levitate animi novis imperiis studebant" (*Cæsar, B. G. ii. 1*). "Omnes fere Gallos novis rebus studere et ad bellum mobiliter celeriterque excitari" (*Ibid. iii. 10*). "Sunt in consiliis capiendis mobiles, et novis plerumque rebus student" (*Ibid. iv. 5*). "Galli quibus insitum est esse leves" (*Trebellius Pollio, Galien. 4*). "Gens hominum inquietissima et avida semper vel faciendi principis vel imperii" (*Flavius Vopiscus, Saturninus, 7*).*

But we must conclude. We have said quite enough to show that Mr. Buckle's learning is as false as his theory, and that the ostentation of his slovenly erudition is but an artifice of ignorance. In his laborious endeavour to degrade the history of mankind, and of the dealings of God with man, to the level of one of the natural sciences, he has stripped it of its philosophical, of its divine, and even of its human character and interest.

* "Gaul pursues two things with immense industry,—military matters and neat speaking." "Through instability and levity of mind they were meditating the overthrow of the government." "Almost all the men of Gaul are revolutionists, and are easily and quickly excited to war." "In council they are unstable, and generally revolutionary." "The French, to whom levity is natural." "A most restless kind of men, always wanting to set up a king or an empire."

When an able and learned work appears, proclaiming new light and increase of knowledge to the world, the first question is not so much whether it was written in the service of religion, as whether it contains any elements which may be made to serve religion. A book is not necessarily either dangerous or contemptible because it is inspired by hatred of the Church. "Nemo inveniret, quia nemo discuteret, nisi pulsantibus calumniatoribus. Cum enim hæretici calumniantur, parvuli perturbantur. . . . Negligentius enim veritas quæretur, si mendaces adversarios non haberet"* (*Augustin. Sermones ad Populum*, lib. xi.). Theodore of Mopsuestia, Julian of Eclanum, Calvin, and Strauss, have not been without their usefulness. An able adversary, sincere in his error and skilful in maintaining it, is in the long-run a boon to the cause of religion. The greatness of the error is the measure of the triumph of truth. The intellectual armour with which the doctrine of the Church is assailed becomes the trophy of her victory. All her battles are defensive, but they all terminate in conquest.

The mental lethargy of the last generation of English Catholics was due perhaps not a little to the very feebleness of their adversaries. When a formidable assailant arose at Oxford, he found an adversary amongst us who was equal to the argument. In like manner, when the Duke of Wellington was the no-popery champion of Toryism, a very sufficient opponent appeared in the person of O'Connell. And now that Mr. Spooner is the representative of anti-Catholic politics, by a similar admirable dispensation and fitness of things, he too finds among Catholic statesmen foemen who are worthy of his steel.

It is not, however, on such grounds as these that Mr. Buckle had a claim on our attention. He is neither wise himself, nor likely to be the cause of wisdom in others; and with him

"Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos:"†

for we could not allow a book to pass without notice into general circulation and popularity which is written in an impious and degrading spirit, redeemed by no superiority or modesty of learning, by no earnest love of truth, and by no open dealing with opponents.

We may rejoice that the true character of an infidel philosophy has been brought to light by the monstrous and ab-

* "No one would discover, for no one would discuss, unless roused by the blows of misrepresentation. For while heretics misrepresent, the little ones are scandalised. . . . Truth would not be sought so industriously, if it had no enemies to tell lies of it."

† "We undertake a war where victory is no triumph."

surd results to which it has led this writer, who has succeeded in extending its principles to the history of civilisation only at the sacrifice of every quality which makes a history great.

GERMAN JEWS AND FRENCH REVIEWERS.*

OUR ecclesiastical literature has, during these latter years, received several welcome contributions from Protestant Germany. We may instance the *Patres Apostolici*, recently issued by Dressel; the *St. Irenæus*, edited by Stieren; Cehler's *Tertullian*, with a critically revised text, elucidated with notes, and enriched with a supplementary volume of Dissertations; and the less elaborate but more interesting collection of the *Apologists of the Second Century*, prepared by Otto. To these we may add the *Selection of Dogmatic Writings of St. Athanasius, St. Basil, and other Greek Fathers*; a work projected and commenced by the late Professor Thilo, and now in progress under the care of Dr. Goldhorn. In these neat and correctly printed octavos, sold at a moderate price, are presented the treasures long laid up in the costly folios of earlier days; and the learning of Cotelier, and of Massuet, Le Nourry, and their Benedictine brethren, together with the accessions of modern scholarship, are brought within the reach of theological students in general. Honourable mention is likewise due to Richter's edition of the *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*, illustrated by Declarations and Resolutions of the Sacred Congregation, by extracts from the *Bullarium* and the works of Benedict XIV., and by certain Papal Constitutions, which are recited *in extenso*. Were the number of these somewhat enlarged, by the addition *e.g.* of the *Super soliditate* and the *Auctorem fidei*, and had a closer attention been paid to typographical accuracy, there would be nothing to desiderate in this handsome and serviceable volume. We close our list with the *Libri Symbolici*, or the edition of the Roman Catechism and Tridentine enactments prepared by Streitwolf, and issued nine years after his death by Klenner, in 1845; qualifying, as in duty bound, our commendation with a reserve. The Catechism

* *Regesta Pontificum Romanorum ab condita Ecclesia ad annum post Christum natum MCXCVIII.* Edidit Philippus Jaffé. (4to, pp. 951.) Berolini, 1851.

Analecta Juris Pontificii. Vingt-cinquième livraison, mars et avril 1858. Rome, 1858.

is unquestionably edited with a critical care and research which it would be hard to parallel, and is richly furnished with references to the Scriptures, Fathers, and schoolmen. The prolegomena contain an erudite history of the Creeds and of the Roman Catechism, of the Tridentine Decrees and other subsequent formularies; the literary index at the close of the work is a valuable bibliographical compendium, initiating the student into an acquaintance with the best editions of the most eminent ecclesiastical authorities, and admirably facilitating reference to them. There are, however, a few foot-notes which may mislead the unwary; and we add with regret, that a book which bespeaks such an outlay of skill and persevering labour, and which was no doubt honestly put forth to serve the cause of true religion and Christian union, is disfigured by the reprint, in the appendix, of a stupid and calumnious forgery.*

Of the two works which supply the text for the present article, the first may be described as a collection, by a Jewish author, of scattered documents of the highest importance in reference to history in general, as well as to Christian belief and practice,—of admonitions, judgments, and decisions, which, emanating from the supreme rulers and teachers of the Church, and addressed to its several classes, and in relation to multifarious subjects, have exerted, and continue to exert, a great influence on society. It is a calendar of some ten thousand records, the majority of which remain in substantial integrity; whilst our knowledge of the rest is derived from fragmentary quotations preserved in the letters of correspondents, allusions made to them by contemporaries, or other sources. It is not a book of pontifical annals, still less a general Church-history; although the materials for the history of the Popes during the first eleven centuries are brought together, the chronology of every pontificate is adjusted, the date and place of election, consecration, and decease, as well as the year and day when, and the spot where, every letter of each pontiff was written is, as far as possible, ascertained.

On the collecting and ordering this mass of documents five years' labour has been bestowed, with a research the compass of which the reader may calculate after running

* The "Hungarian Confession," which made its appearance about 1673, and was palmed upon the Jesuits. The following propositions are a sample of its style: "That whatever the Pope shall ordain or command is to be more prized by lay people than the precepts of the living God; that the Pope is to be honoured with divine honour; that he has power to change, add to, or take from, Scripture at pleasure." At the conclusion, they who utter the profession curse their teachers, curse their parents, curse themselves.

over the author's opening list of books consulted, and observing the manifold and precise references which usually accompany every statement in the body of the volume. Bullaria, charters, collections of councils, local histories, the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Berlin, the Record Offices at Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Hanover, have enabled the author to produce a *Registry* that includes every authentic, or awhile reputed authentic, epistle of the successors of St. Peter, from St. Clement to Celestine III., with an indication of its scope; and in order to facilitate reference, the works where the piece is textually exhibited or is at least accounted for are quoted by volume and page, and whenever the piece is extant, its commencing words are cited.

The author has carried his work down to the death of Celestine III., in 1198. The continuation of it would be a vast and yet comparatively an easy undertaking. For with the pontificate of Celestine's successor, Innocent III., commenced the consecutive enregistering and careful preserving of the pontifical letters. The series, extending from Innocent to St. Pius V. (1198-1572), and amounting to two thousand and sixteen volumes, are among the treasures of the Vatican Library.*

It would have been matter for congratulation had the *scrinia* of earlier pontificates been watched over with the same care. But it appears that, up to the times of St. Gregory the Great, towards the close of the sixth century, a continuous and complete registry was not attempted. The collections of subsequent pontiffs have been broken up: of that portion of John VIII.'s collection which has survived the wreck, consisting of three hundred letters, much is fragmentary and obscured by corruption of the text; and although about four hundred letters are to be found in the (so-called) Register of St. Gregory VII., that collection is undeniably incomplete.

* We wish we could add that such a continuation was forthcoming, under the auspices of those who have the custody of the store; or that, at any rate, Herr Jaffé might reckon upon every facility being accorded to him for inspecting the documents. We have been assured, however, that it is otherwise; and that a homely well-known proverb is applicable here, precisely in the way in which Erasmus (*Adagia*, p. 176) does apply it: "*Veluti si quis egregios codices inclusos diligenter adservet, quos nec ipse unquam evolvat, nec aliis evolvendi faciat copiam.*" This intellectual avarice is really more pitiable and illiberal than the hoarding of pelf, and the loss and detriment it entails are incalculable. A guardian of the depositories of knowledge, and especially of that of the highest order, would do most honour to himself and to his trust by adopting the maxim which the Wise Man consecrated by his example: "*Sine fitione didici (sapientiam), et sine invidiâ communico, et honestatem illius non abscondo*" (Wisdom vii. 13).

From this general description of the nature and purpose of Herr Jaffé's work, we proceed to some remarks on its execution. In forming a judgment on the latter, it is indispensable not to lose sight of the former.

The book is designed to be an exact but simple and colourless indicator of epochs, dates, and documents, of most various complexion, that deal with subjects very dissimilar,—religious and secular, devotional, polemical, ritual,—and are sometimes of an argumentative, sometimes of a legislative or a hortatory character. The plan of the work was suggested by the *Regesta Imperii* of Böhmer, who has given an exact chronological abstract of all papers emanating from the emperors from the ninth to the fourteenth century, accompanying the documentary notices with exhaustive references to the historians of the times. Jaffé, on a larger field, confines himself to the mere facts and words of the documents. Indirectly, it will be serviceable to the divinity student; but its purpose is to be a historian's guide-book. Now it must be obvious, that in a work having this scope theological discussion would be an excrescence and an encumbrance; and that the ritualist, or homilist, or biblical critic might with equal reason expect that telling facts and pregnant *dicta* should have the prominence yielded to them which each one claims as due to his favourite theme, as that one whose *spécialité* lies in dogmatic or controversial theology should complain that emphasis is not given to testimonies which he “loves to dwell upon,” and that in a dry recital or meagre summary they are ignored. *Argumenta ponemus quidem, argumentabimur nunquam; scribimus ad narrandum, non ad probandum*, we think, are the rules appropriate to a work like this. Set down fairly what you have, and as amply as your limits will permit; that done, you are *functus officio*: you will suggest, guide, and assist the investigations of the student in divinity, law, or history; it is for him to construct upon the basis which you have helped him to settle.

After all, we cannot but wish that the book were somewhat fuller in its details, although the volume would have been swelled beyond its present bulk of a thousand quarto pages. Certain omissions, which have been censured as studied suppressions, certain phrases the conciseness of which has occasioned an unfavourable interpretation, might thus have been avoided. But on this matter the author has a right to speak for himself:

“Itaque id contendimus ut jam editis literis in angustum cogens spatii quam plurimum lucrificaretur, conspectus redderetur

facilior, rerum capita quam integerrime possent ante oculos ponerentur" (p. v.).

It will repay investigation to inquire how far the author has succeeded in his endeavour, and fulfilled his engagement; whether, after reasonable allowance for oversights from which no amount of diligence can protect a writer, and for the bias of one kind or another from which the most upright of purpose are not exempt, he can be said to have produced a good and trustworthy book. An article contained in the periodical which stands second in our list will materially assist us in this inquiry. The *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, though published at Rome, is written in the French language; and the review of Jaffé's work in a recent Number is supposably the production of a French ecclesiastic residing in that city. Professing to decline an exhaustive examination of the work, the review undertakes to justify its verdict by a competent number of instances which it alleges to remark upon, taken cursorily from the first hundred and fifty pages, which bring us to the close of the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great. The verdict is, upon the whole, decidedly unfavourable. From the imputation of deliberate malevolence the author is absolved:

"Cependant le livre contient une foule de passages qui semblent trahir une intention vraiment hostile. . . . Tant l'impartialité de l'histoire que les besoins de la science catholique doivent concourir à faire *rejeter* un livre qui embrouille les faits ou les envenime, et qui supprime les plus importants témoignages de la tradition ecclésiastique pour la discipline et le dogme" (p. 672).

Now before the theological or historical student makes up his mind, upon the warrant of this peremptory censure, to *discard* a book which has some claims to his attention, we request a consideration of the grounds of the censure. The critic, intent upon his purpose, has no doubt done his utmost to establish the judgment so decisively uttered; let his doings be examined somewhat closely for a short space. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*: true; but when a judge misdirects, cavils, blunders, and travels out of the record, we say that he should be dismissed from the bench. In the interests, accordingly, of historical impartiality and ecclesiastical learning, we offer our protest against a species of criticism which is neither reprobated nor discountenanced as it deserves to be; which, however, we take leave to say, is of a nature to bring contempt on the class to which the writer belongs, and which must be eventually injurious to the cause which he has undertaken to serve.

Characteristically, the review starts with an angry complaint on a small matter. The author has not given the prefix of "Saint" to the names of any of the pontiffs after St. Gregory the Great. As he has given it to all, or nearly all, of those of an earlier date who are reckoned *in albo sanctorum*, there is something of inconsistency in this. However, the simple omission of this title of honour in a *Latin* work will stagger no one who is familiar with the usage of some of our best *Catholic* writers. Take as instances the *Commentaries* of Estius and of Maldonatus, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas of Aquin. The Holy Fathers, and others of God's glorified elect, are by name mentioned several thousand times in these folios; yet even the lynx's eye of our critic would, we believe, fail to discover one case in which the prefix in question is used. He should have remembered this, and checked himself in his outbreak: "le titre de saint *refusé* à un grand nombre de pontifes: . . . l'Eglise n'a vu aucun saint sur la chaire de St. Pierre depuis le sixième siècle." Again, whilst in respect of several of the saints who filled the apostolic chair in the early ages the evidence is clear and ample that they fell by the persecutor's sword, in respect of many more the proof is far from conclusive; and it is a fact within the knowledge of every one moderately acquainted with Church history, that the term "martyrdom" is equivocal, and that the title of martyr is borne by many who gave, indeed, a faithful *testimony*, and at the cost of much suffering, who, however, closed their career by a natural death.* St. Fabian's death was by the sword; our author enregisters it by the simple word *necatur*, a mode of expression "qu'aucun catholique n'emploie pour exprimer le martyre souffert pour la foi chrétienne." And yet scriptural and ecclesiastical† phrase, to which the critic cannot be a stranger, might protect it from cavil. He complains that St. Clement's martyrdom has been passed over; and says, "au sujet du martyre de St. Clément et de son culte on peut noter ce qu'atteste St. Jérôme" (p. 662). We turn to St. Jerome, and find as follows: "OBIIIT tertio Trajani anno, et nominis (*nomini*) ejus memoriam usque hodie extructa Ecclesia custodit."‡ Of his "martyrdom," in the sense of the French critic, not a word. It is a significant

* See Ducange *in voce* (vi. 306, ed. Henschel).

† "In occisione gladii mortui sunt" (Heb. xi. 37). "Vidi subtus altare animas interfectorum propter verbum Dei" (Apoc. vi. 9). "Innocentes pro Christo infantes occisi sunt; . . . lactentes interfecti sunt," &c. (*Brev. Rom.*). "Quid Petro, quid Paulo sublimius? Neronianum gladium cruentarunt" (St. Jerome, ep. 68, ad Castrutium).

‡ De Viris Illustribus, c. xvi., ed. Vallarsi.

fact, that the critic in quoting from St. Jerome omits the first member of the sentence.

Jaffé has described one of St. Leo's letters as laying open the "errors" of Nestorius and Eutyches. Nay, says the critic, St. Leo distinctly says "heresies." Must we remind a churchman of the prayer, "ut destructis adversitatibus et *erroribus* universis," for the extinction of heresies; or of those passages in Holy Writ in which the worst of heresies* are denoted by the term which he thinks inadequate; or of the style in which a Pope was content to stigmatise the Pelagian heresy: "contra reliquas Pelagiani *erroris* ineptias"?†

Another complaint often alleged by the critic is, that the author has encumbered his volume with *inutilités*. We believe he reckons some of his short chronological observations as belonging to this category; although the fixing of dates, at least approximatively, and the taking note of divergencies and difficulties, seem to enter essentially into the plan of a work of this character. That the author has sometimes failed, that in some instances he is signally mistaken, is no reason against his having undertaken to perform what falls within the scope of his work, and has been in most instances successfully achieved by him. Certainly, if by *inutilités* we are to understand extraneous or frivolous matters and irrelevant observations, the critic's essay will furnish exemplifications in point. What is it to our present business to be told why the consort of the Emperor Justin took the name of Euphemia?‡ If by *inutilités* we are to understand a convenient vagueness of expression, by which a reasonable demand may be baffled, or an insinuation conveyed which it would be impossible to substantiate, certainly there is little to be objected against the author on this score; whilst the instances of this manœuvring are not unfrequent in the pages of his critic. The reader may occasionally be misled by over-conciseness of expression in a summary; or perhaps, as our critic himself has done,§ misapprehend the author's meaning through his not consulting the Greek authority which ascertains it. He will not, however, be imposed upon, or be irritated by, the

* "Ne insipientium errore traducti excidatis," &c. (2 Pet. iii. 17). "Errore Balaam," &c. (St. Jude, verse 11).

† Bonif. II. ad Cæsarium Arelat. (Harduini Conc. ii. 1110).

‡ Analecta, p. 667.

§ "S. Fabianus eligitur ab omni populo," says Jaffé, and refers to Eusebius. "Eusèbe ne dit pas tout à fait cela," says the critic. Eusebius' text must determine: τῶν γὰρ ἀδελφῶν ἀπάντων χειροτονίας ἐνεκεν τῆς τοῦ μέλλοντος διαδέξασθαι τὴν ἐπισκοπὴν. . . . Ἐφ' ᾧ τὸν πάντα λαὸν ὥσπερ ὑφ' ἐνὸς πνεύματος θείου κινηθέντα ὁμόσε, κ. τ. λ. (H. E. vi. 28, ed. Reading, p. 294). Again: "Eusèbe dit, 'Respondet Clemens personam gerens Ecclesiæ Romanæ.'" Now Eusebius' words are, ὡς ἀπὸ τῆς Ῥωμαίων ἐκκλησίας διευτυπώσατο (p. 108).

petty wiles which lurk under the plausible generalities of "les docteurs catholiques," "les auteurs," "tous les écrivains," or the attempt to convert a particular fact into a general rule, *e. g.* by omitting the name of Maximus, the bishop in whose regard a certain form of ecclesiastical procedure was adopted, and implying through the undetermined expression "*un évêque*" that the course prescribed was of universal application. A decretal attributed to St. Eleutherius, *Magno munere misericordiæ*, has been "*hardiment rejeté parmi les apocryphes*" (p. 662). No great stretch of daring, we think, to relegate a piece which, as Pagi observes, has several marks of being supposititious;* whose commencing words belong to St. Leo, and whose remainder is, to a considerable extent, a *cento* of still more recent ecclesiastical writers, who are cited in the margin of Harduin's *Concilia*. But let that pass. If the abbé is prepared to impugn the judgment of Dupin, Ceillier, Pagi, and others,† let him speak up and tell us so; but what does he mean when he says, "*la lettre n'est pas traitée si rigoureusement dans Baronius*"?

He complains that the Cardinal's *Ecclesiastical Annals* are not enumerated in the author's list of books consulted. The discovery of this (perhaps accidental) omission is an indication of close research: it would have been a token of common candour to have added, what any one will perceive on cursory inspection, that the Cardinal's work is again and again *cited*, volume and page, in the course of Jaffé's book.

To present in a small compass an intelligible and faithful outline of several of the pieces catalogued in the *Regesta*, was a task demanding skill and patient industry. Want of space may be pleaded as a sufficient excuse for some omissions and deficiencies in these summaries; not, however, we think, for all of them. For instance, the letter of St. Innocent to the Fathers of the Council of Mileve contains an important passage on infant baptism, which Jaffé has omitted to notice. The omission has escaped the observation of the vigilant critic. And yet it is not an incidental clause, or a qualifying proviso; it is one of the heads of the Rescript. Elsewhere the abbé is more exacting; and, as we believe, unreasonably so. Thus, because the author, in giving a succinct *résumé* of St. Agapetus' letter to St. Cæsarius on the unalienableness of Church lands, omits the Pontiff's disclaimer of selfishness or worldly-mindedness, he is taxed by the critic with giving "*une tournure odieuse à la chose*" (p. 669); or, because in noticing

* Pagi, ad ann. 192, *Critica*, tom. i. pp. 101 et seq. (ed. Antw. 1727).

† "*Hæc viri eruditi adulterina censent*," says Harduin.

a letter addressed by St. Leo to the Bishops of Sicily, which argues largely for, and strictly insists upon, the administration of solemn baptism being reserved for the festivals of Easter and Pentecost, the author, in his epitome of a piece of some three hundred lines, has not noticed a clause of five or six, to the effect that baptism may and should be performed at all times when the urgency is extreme, he is judged by the same standard as would be applied to a professed writer on dogma or ritual, and made answerable for a serious error in the minds of his readers: "Dire sans restriction qu'on ne peut le donner qu'en ces deux temps de l'année, c'est laisser croire que St. Léon ne croyoit pas le baptême nécessaire de nécessité de moyen pour le salut" (p. 666).

We suspect that the abbé's attention was drawn to the clause in St. Leo's letter by the summary which heads it in some editions of the Councils,—a summary which nevertheless assigns to the exceptional topic a space wholly disproportioned to that which it really occupies in the text. He has said in another instance, "Jaffé pouvoit copier les éditeurs des conciles, et dire avec eux," &c. To his credit be it said, that Jaffé has not done so in places where the editorial divisions and synopses would have misled him; and we think that we can trace back some of the abbé's ill-considered charges against the author, and some of his own more serious misstatements, to his neglecting to examine the text of the documents with sufficient care, and relying too implicitly on summarists and annotators, whose meaning besides he has sometimes mistaken. Meanwhile let us adduce one or two instances more of peddling criticism, sorry nibbling, tiresome carping. St. Celestine is described* as charging certain Bishops in Gaul to check some of their priests, who moot unlearned questions (*indisciplinatas quæstiones*) and obstinately gainsay the truth; and further, as declaring that Augustine (*sanctæ recordationis virum*) had always been united with him in communion. What is wanting here? "L'auteur tronque le témoignage que rend le Pape à la science de St. Augustin" (p. 665). Once more: Jaffé is allowed to have "cited *textually*" St. Cyprian's splendid testimony to the virtues of St. Cornelius; "mais il *supprime* sa chasteté virginale, qui peut s'entendre du célibat toujours observé" (p. 662). St. Cyprian's words are, "pro pudore virginalis conscientiae suæ," which are variously interpreted.† But surely it is hypercritical to exact the insertion of this particular; with equal reason might the author have been taxed with "suppression"

* Jaffé, pp. 32, n. 163.

† Ad Anton. (ed. Fell, p. 103).

of the statement that Cornelius had passed leisurely through every ecclesiastical degree, had neither canvassed nor coveted the high honour, but been constrained to accept of it. In a word, the whole of the encomium must have been transcribed.

Equally groundless is his complaint against the notice of St. Clement's letter to the Church at Corinth, as being too scanty. He sends us to St. Jerome, St. Irenæus, and St. Justin, as supplying the omissions which he complains of; but, as is his wont, omits all reference to page, volume, or treatise. Now St. Jerome, in his short notice of St. Clement, from which we have already quoted, simply commends the letter; "*scripsit ex personâ Ecclesiæ Romanæ valde utilem epistolam*;" and notes its resemblance in style to the Epistle to the Hebrews. Of its contents he says nothing. The whole of the allusion made by the unknown writer, whom the abbé confounds with St. Justin,* is comprised in one line,—that there is to be an end of the present state of things, and a judgment of the wicked by fire. St. Irenæus† spends five or six lines in enumerating the truths avouched by St. Clement, one of the links in the chain of apostolic succession and doctrinal testimony which he is drawing out. This in a polemical treatise "against heresies"! But, let it be observed once more, the *Regesta* does not profess to be a compendium of patristic theology. Invaluable as are the attestations respecting primitive belief furnished by the letter of St. Clement, they form a small portion of a discourse of moderate length, which, moreover, is rather hortatory than doctrinal. And certainly the author has given correctly, and with all the fullness compatible with the scale of his work, the heads of the exhortation, which show the purpose the holy writer had in view.

The burden of the critic's complaint, however, is, that the vouchers for the supremacy of St. Peter's successors, and for the assertion and exercise of their rights and authority, as well as notorious instances of deference and submission yielded them, are studiously suppressed; whilst the encroachments and pretensions of the temporal power are unduly insisted upon and unfairly patronised. Now, were this grave imputation against the author substantiated, the student might well be warned against a treacherous guide; but if it be shown that the imputation starts with a fallacy, and is backed by argument or evidence which, upon examination, turns out to be for the most part utterly worthless, the author is en-

* Quæst. et Resp. ad Orthodoxos, 74 (edit. Otto, iii. 104).

† Lib. iii. 3 (ed. Stieren, p. 432).

titled to an acquittal, and his traducer must consent to pay the penalty of his slander.

The *πρῶτον ψεῦδος* is the critic's mistaking the purpose of the work. A warehouse is not a show-room; a calendar of records is not a volume of *flores, excerpta, selecta veterum testimonia*, and so forth. The Athenian orator* has derided his adversary's complaint of his not answering to an elaborate but arbitrary description of a patriot; and compares him to an artist's customer, who grumbles at finding the article sent home not correspond to his order. But we cannot recognise the abbé's right to prescribe a pattern: Jaffé is under no contract to humour his fancy.

In a formulary of submission which St. Hormisdas requires of the Oriental Bishops, and of which he sends a transcript to the Bishops of Spain for their use in case any Orientals apply to them for communion, there is contained a very ample and emphatic recognition of the indefectibility of the apostolic see. Jaffé describes this letter as a command† to all the Bishops in Spain not to give communion to any of the Greek clergy until they shall have subscribed the formula therein contained. And this is certainly the gist and substance of the letter. But, says the critic, "l'auteur supprime le fameux témoignage. . . . Un auteur catholique peut-il négliger de semblables preuves?" (p. 667.) We should say, Certainly not, *if* he were compiling a treatise *de Ecclesiâ* or *de Romano Pontifice*. "Quod medicorum est promittunt medici, tractant fabrilis fabri." Did it ever occur to the good abbé, in reading the *Summa* of St. Thomas, or the casuistic treatises of La Croix or Busenbaum, to complain that so many occasions of warning sinners to beware, of exhorting the holy to be holier still, were studiously pretermitted?

"Les écrivains catholiques se plaisent à citer la célèbre lettre que les clercs de l'Eglise Romaine écrivirent au clergé de Carthage pendant la longue vacance qui suivit la mort de St. Fabien, . . . comme une preuve de l'autorité inhérente au siège apostolique. Jaffé n'en parle point" (p. 662). By what rule was he bound to allude to it? Again: "La confirmation du concile de Nicée par le Pape est passée sous silence. . . . L'auteur rapporte les actes du Pape Sixte III sans dire un mot de la confirmation du concile d'Ephèse" (pp. 663, 665). It would have been a thankworthy service had the abbé pointed to the corner where we might haply find the pieces which it is insinuated that the author has suppressed. We speak of *authentic* pieces, of course; for it will not do to refer us to the Concil. Roman. III., or the *Gaudeo*.

* *περὶ στρέφ.* § 37.

† *Præcipit*, &c. Jaffé, p. 66 (498).

promptum attributed to St. Sylvester.* If the abbé insists that the letter to John of Antioch† may be *construed* as a confirmation,‡ well and good; the letter has been enregistered in its proper place.

In reference to a Roman synod held in 465, the critic complains of the author, “il donne le sujet des principaux canons de ce concile, mais il omet le principal” (p. 667). Now this comes of paying more attention to editors’ summaries and arrangements of sections than to the text itself.§ There are five sections numbered, and an enumeration is given as of five canons. But, in point of fact, there are only four: the first section is a short preamble, in which it is declared that no one can, without imperilling his soul, violate the Divine law or the apostolic see’s decrees. The first *canon* really commences with what is printed as the second *section*: “Cavendum ergo *in primis* est.”|| Our apology for entering into these minute details must be sought in the captiousness and triviality of the critic with whom we have to deal.

“Croira-t-on,” exclaims he, “que le fameux décret de St. Gelase sur les écritures canoniques et sur les apocryphes, lequel est un des documens *les plus importants de l’histoire*, est annoncé par ces simples mots, ‘In synodo episcoporum 70 edit decretum de libris recipiendis et non recipiendis,’ et rien autre?” (p. 667). It is the designation which writers of the ninth century give to the decree: it is that which, the latter portion at least, bears in the Codex of Justellus.¶ What the critic has in view, however, and blends with the latter portion, is a Catalogue of Books of Canonical Scripture, a document variously entitled, and ascribed to various authors.** We cannot find space to enter into the question: we must content ourselves with referring to Pagi, who, contending that the authorship of *both* portions—the biblical

* “Commentitium et mendosissimum” (Coleti, ii. 80).

† *Si ecclesiastici corporis* (Coleti, iii. 1693).

‡ Quoted by Vincentius of Lerins: “Quia fides una est quæ evidenter obtinuit, dicenda credamus et tenenda dicamus. Nihil ultra liceat novitati, &c.” (Commonitorium, 32).

§ He taxes Jaffé with suppressing a passage in a letter of St. Hormisdas to the Emperor Justin, “*qui montre l’ancien usage des empereurs d’annoncer leur élection au Pape par une légation solennelle.*” (The letter was written A.D. 518.) The words of the Pope are, “Debitas beato Petro apostolo imperii vestri primitias reddidistis” (Coleti, v. 606). Of the solemn embassy, or of the ancient custom, there is not a word in the letter. Binius, in his note, however, says, “Vides antiquitus observatum fuisse ut electi consecratio et confirmatio petatur.” It is unnecessary to remark, that on this the text is silent.

|| Harduin, ii. 800.

¶ Ibid. ii. 938.

** “Neque Catholici de hujus sanctionis auctore annoque quo ea emissa est inter se conveniunt, quod Mss. codices eam tribus diversis Pontificibus adscribant.” Pagi, ad ann. 494, tom. ii. p. 444.

catalogue and the list of orthodox and heterodox writers—is rightly assigned to St. Gelasius, names the whole piece by the simple designation which is so unsatisfactory to our critic.

Were it not that the interests of historical truth and Catholic evidence,—for which, it will be recollected, our author professed himself to have a zeal,—are seriously concerned in his wilfulness and inconstancy, we should be diverted by his alternations between credulity and scepticism. But the exhibition is really painful.

“Au sujet du Pape Libère, il range parmi les apocryphes plusieurs lettres qui condamnent l’Arianisme et professent ouvertement la divinité du Verbe” (p. 665).

Unquestionably Jaffé has thrown into his appendix of “Spuria” two letters, purporting to be addressed, one to the Oriental Bishops, another to St. Athanasius, and which are of the tenor above described. In so doing he was warranted by the example of the learned Coutant, and the judgment of every subsequent Catholic critic. The abbé has not dared to assert the genuineness of these pieces, but lays stress upon the sound doctrine which they contain. An unwary reader will hence infer that a wrong has been done to Catholic truth by the suppression of these pieces; but he must be told, and the abbé himself would do well to remember, that a treatise may be unexceptionable in its contents, sound in doctrine, eloquent in style, and after all be proved to be a forgery; that, on the other hand, a writing may be feeble, incorrect, unworthy of the character or position of the writer whose name it bears, and nevertheless be indisputably the genuine offspring of his pen. We may wish that the decretals ascribed to the early Popes were genuine; we may wish that certain letters ascribed to Vigilius* were otherwise; but neither

* The critic is very angry with the author for lingering on the “faits scandaleux” of this pontificate. He insinuates, in his usual way, that certain documents are *not* authentic. Surely it were wiser to yield to evidence, and allow Vigilius’ conduct to have been indefensible. (See Pagi, ad ann. 538, Critica, ii. 562.) Whilst we are upon Vigilius, let us quote a portion of his letter to Auxanius of Arles, who had applied to him for the pallium: “Libenti hoc animo etiam in præsentī facere sine dilatione potuimus, nisi cum Christiani Domini filii nostri imperatoris hoc, *sicut ratio postulat* voluissemus perfici notitia, Deo auctore; ut et vobis gratior præstitorum causa reddatur, dum quæ postulatis *cum consensu* Christianissimi principis referentur, et nos honorem fidei ejus servasse cum competenti reverentiâ judicemur” (Coleti, v. 1300). The letter is summed up by the author as follows: “Usum pallii et cætera quæ petierit se *potestate ab imperatore factâ* libenter concessurum scribit” (p. 77). In opposition to which the abbé maintains, “Vigile ne parle *nullement* de permission impériale: il dit *seulement* qu’il n’a pas voulu envoyer le pallium sans *avertir* l’empereur.” To us it appears that both the author and his critic are at fault. The one represents the Pope as expressing too much dependence; the other explains away all the courtliness of phrase.

our wishes nor the contents of these compositions can alter the facts of the case.

There are two letters in St. Cyprian's works purporting to be addressed, the one by that Father to Pompeius, an African, and the other to him by Firmilian, a Cappadocian Bishop. The letters exhibit the substance and some portion of the very words of a letter of St. Stephen, which is no longer extant, on the subject of the baptism of heretics. Conformably to his plan, Jaffé enregisters these letters as vouchers and exponents of the lost letter of St. Stephen. What has our critic to say on these letters? "Pagi considère ces lettres de St. Cyprien comme apocryphes." As usual, no reference; and we must therefore beg our readers to accept our assurance that Pagi in his great work, which we have so often appealed to,* bases his full and interesting narrative of the controversy between St. Stephen and St. Cyprian on these very letters which our critic reports him to have considered as apocryphal. We will merely add the testimony of St. Jerome to the authenticity of these letters.† "Legat," says that Father, "beati Cypriani epistolas, in quibus Stephanum Romanæ urbis Episcopum et inveteratæ consuetudinis lacerat errorem."‡

The mention of St. Jerome reminds us of his friend, patron, and correspondent, St. Damasus. Jaffé has referred to two letters of the pontiff to the learned biblical scholar,—one requesting an interpretation of the Hosanna, the other proposing five biblical questions for elucidation. The letters are pleasing samples of correspondence, the latter especially; they stand as the 19th and 35th in Vallarsi's Collection of St. Jerome's Epistles, and each is followed by a prolix reply from the learned father. We should have thought here was proof enough of authenticity. What says our critic? "La lettre de St. Jérôme sur l'Osanna et la suivante sont regardées par les auteurs comme apocryphes."

"Les auteurs:" pray *who* may they be? Labbe has described these letters as "sinceræ omnisque suspicionis fuco carentes," and says that it will be a refreshment to the reader to peruse them after getting over the two apocryphal ones,—a pretended correspondence between Aurelius of Carthage

* Anton. Pagi, ad ann. 256, i. 262 et seq.; Franc. Pagi, Breviar. i. 50, 51. Antv. 1717.

† Dial. cont. Lucif. c. xxviii.

‡ We do not wish to keep out of sight that the authenticity of both, and especially of the latter, of these remarkable epistles has been again and again called into question. The broaching and abetting of such a paradox (which has been utterly exploded) cannot excuse the abbé's charging *Pagi* with asserting it. Without entering further into the question, we refer the reader to Dr. Dollinger's *Church History*, § 29, p. 308, ed. 1833.

and St. Damasus,—which have just preceded them in his collection, where four letters are grouped together, two of them spurious, two genuine; and it is just possible that the abbé misread the observation of the Jesuit editor, and forgot to read the letters of the Pope or to examine any edition of St. Jerome's works. Had he done so, he might have spared his readers this *inutilité*.

Here is another :

“L'auteur met hardiment au rang des apocryphes la lettre par laquelle St. Innocent excommunie les persécuteurs de St. Jean Chrysostome, c'est-à-dire l'empereur et l'impératrice. Pourtant Nicephore, Calixte et Gennadius (!) rapportent cette pièce. Baronius la cite comme très authentique. Les éditeurs des Conciles n'élèvent pas de suspicion. Coutant, qui croit apocryphe la réponse d'Arcade, ne fait point d'objection au décret pontifical d'excommunication. Dans quel but veut-on nier qu'un Pape du 5^{me} siècle ait excommunié l'empereur?” (p. 663.)

Dans quel but, we ask in turn, is an exploded fiction trumped up with sophistic misrepresentation? Can it support the honour of the Holy See, can it advance the interests of the Church of God, to produce as a fact unquestionable and authenticated an exercise of authority which, however just and well merited, certainly did not take place? *Honoris causa* we say nothing of the venerable Baronius; he has his excuse, if indeed he need it. But our French critic can claim no such indulgence. He quotes certain Greek writers, of whom it is plain he knows not much; for he makes three out of two. If he be in want of a third, we will make him a present of one in the person of a certain George of Alexandria, who appears to have been the first to mention this precious epistle, some centuries after date, and who was copied by Nicephorus Calixti at a still later period. The editors of the Councils—Coleti, for instance*—point to the fact, which is well ascertained, that the “woman” whom the Pope is represented as fulminating with his sentence had been already dead for three years.† Coutant has relegated this pretended sentence to its proper place, the *appendix* to his collection; Jaffé has done the same.‡ How could he do otherwise? “Facti falsitatem nemo jam *eruditus* non agnoscit, quum Innocentii I. literas quibus excommunicationis superstructum figmentum est, supposititias esse constat.”§ If the abbé be

* iii. 67.

† Eudoxia died in 404; St. Chrysostom in 407.

‡ The way in which the two writers deal with the piece is the same; but the abbé uses one as a make-weight, and taxes the other with hardihood.

§ Natalis Alexander, sæc. iv. cap. ii. art. i. Schol. See also Ceillier, x. 142; Pagi, ii. 77; and Francis Pagi, Breviar. i. 137.

determined to stand aloof from the erudite, and to abide with the *seri studiorum*, we must not quarrel with his choice of associates; but we must regret that the custody of such important questions, and the championship of such important interests, are confided to such hands.

One other point there is, which we will remit to our readers to determine how much censure should be laid upon the author, and how much his French critic deserves. It appears to us that in the instances we are going to produce they are both to blame; but for a totally different reason. Under date of the year 409, Jaffé gives the following entry (p. 24):

“Alarico rege in obsidione urbis perseverante, Innocentius clam concedit ut ethnico ritu sacrificetur: sic Zosimus quidem, lib. v. c. xli., tradit. Sacrificiorum illorum mentio fit etiam apud Sozomenum in Hist. Eccles., lib. ix. cap. vi.”

The fact that pagan sacrifices were offered at the instigation of the pagan members of the senate, and upon delusive hopes raised by soothsayers called in for counsel by the prefect of the city, may be well admitted on Sozomen's authority. But for the Pope's complicity or connivance,—a thing in itself so unlikely (to take the lowest ground),—we have barely the assertion of a hostile and malevolent writer.* Neither the admitted fact, however, nor the improbable and unsupported accusation, have any place in a calendar of pontifical letters; and the author has laid himself open to reproof for introducing irrelevant matter, and causeless reference to a scandalous tale.

But it is time to turn to the abbé:

“Cette fable repose sur l'affirmation de Zosime *Novatien* irrité contre St. Innocent, qui chassa de Rome les gens de *sa secte*. Il suffisait d'ouvrir Baronius pour se convaincre de la calomnie” (p. 663).

Now there can be little doubt that St. Innocent, who coerced the Novatians, and deprived them of several of their churches,† was not much in favour with them. But how came Zosimus to espouse their quarrel? Why, says the abbé, he was one of them: they were of “*his sect*.” Indeed! We may account for this blunder by supposing that the abbé was thinking of the Church-historian *Socrates*, who was unquestionably a Novatian, and as such unfriendly to St. Innocent; but “he had only to open” Evagrius, another of the old Church-historians, to find a vehement “*invective*” (*ἀπότασις*) of seve-

* See Cardinal Orsi, *Istoria Eccl.* lib. xxiv. n. 38.

† *Socrates*, lib. vii. c. ix.

ral pages in extent “*against the detestable and impious heathen*” Zosimus.*

We had reserved for our conclusion some remarks on the attitude of the ecclesiastical authority in relation to the imperial power in the fifth and sixth centuries, and a discussion of some of the critic's charges of partiality towards the temporal at the expense of the spiritual, and at the expense of historical truth; but we must, for the present at least, hold in. Suffice it to have entered a protest against a disingenuous sort of criticism which is unfortunately too much in vogue, and a *caveat* against a class of writers of whom the one before us may be taken as a type,—confident, decisive, and exaggerative; very sincere and zealous, but deficient in that love for the truth at all costs, and that spirit of forbearance and allowance, which discussion, and especially religious discussion, requires; too ready to discover and denounce heresy on every occasion, harshly vituperative of those who are not of their school, and exulting over them when they are under repression or disfavour. Assuredly, *non ista est sapientia desursum descendens*.

In conclusion, we thank Herr Jaffé for the instruction he has afforded us by his useful book, and wish that it may find its place on the shelves of every public library.

ITALIAN STATISTICS.†

It might be plausibly argued, that each nation is distinguished as much by its capacity as by its character: for the capacity is generally a corollary of the character; the character, by determining a man's likes and dislikes, generally determines his powers also. We cannot do that for which we have no taste; we get sick and weary: on the other hand, the intensest application does not injure the health, provided the interest we take in our task is equally or proportionally intense. When a national character is formed, the habits are fixed, the taste is decided, the interest goes in a certain line, the national capacity is forced in that direction; and the ca-

* lib. iii. p. 41 (Reading, iii. 374).

† *Roma e Londra confronti*. Dal Sacerdote Giacomo Margotti, &c.—*Rome and London compared*. By the Rev. J. Margotti, D.D., Corresponding Member of the Accademia di Religione Cattolica in Rome, and Deputy in the Sardinian Parliament.

capacity for other lines of inquiry and knowledge becomes, if not effaced, much weakened and impaired.

In the few cases to which our observation of the Italian people extends, we should say that they have in a much higher degree than we a capacity for the abstract sciences; they might be the greatest metaphysicians, theologians, logicians, and ontologists in the world. They have great profundity, largeness of view, and quickness of apprehension for the abstract investigations of the understanding. But these advantages are perhaps more than counterbalanced by a notable incapacity for facts. The ignorance of the commonest matters that we have ourselves seen in them is something astonishing. Thus, a friend of ours, now a high dignitary in the Church, was explaining to a clergyman in Milan how he feared returning to England because he suffered so much when crossing the sea. "O, but you can return to England without passing the sea." "No, how so?—England is an island." "O yes, I know all that; but surely if you make a *grand détour*—by America, for instance—you can reach it without crossing the water." The most celebrated preacher in Rome in 1846 once informed us that Henry VIII. had sixteen wives, all of whom he beheaded; also that a certain Irish regiment had been fifteen years in India without any of the soldiers having committed a mortal sin. In conversation with a very famous Italian on the subject of a book on the philosophy of history which he is writing, we found that he had made the most ludicrous blunders in English history; and a common friend thanked us, after the interview, for having enlightened the author on a few points which he had misconceived. But it was of no use: when men have an inveterate habit of writing history, like Hume, *à priori*; of making facts to fit their theories, not their theories to fit their facts,—a drop or two more or less in their bucketfuls of mistakes will not do either much harm or much good; so we do not share the satisfaction of our friend at our having been instrumental in wiping out a blot or two from the coming book.

Perhaps of all the instances we have ever seen, or ever shall see, of this ignorance of reality, the book of Dr. Margotti is at once the most ridiculous and the most annoying. Most annoying, for we do not like to censure any one who defends the cause that we also defend; we do not like to feel that we deserve the scoffs and laughter of our enemies; we do not like to be obliged to believe the *Times* correspondent when he tells us that the clerical deputies at Turin are the Sibthorpes, the clowns, the Punch and Judy of the House; still less do we like to be obliged to stuff our handkerchiefs into

our mouths to prevent ourselves joining in the irreverent chorus of unseemly levity. But what are we to do in the presence of that which is really ridiculous? Laughter will out, even though the thing we laugh at be a national misfortune;—and we consider it a national misfortune when, in a political assembly, where there is no place for abstract theories or vague declamations,—where all discussions should turn on facts, on what is useful, just, necessary in particular circumstances,—and where, therefore, the first thing needed is accuracy and research, and common sense in treating of such circumstances,—the interests of the Church should be intrusted to a person so little capable of appreciating either the reality, or the meaning, or the bearing, or the connection of facts, as Dr. Margotti, so far as we can judge of him from this book, appears to be; to one who is so aimless in his assertions, so stupid in his quotations, as to give one the notion that he makes no account of things, and that, according to his theory, facts are useless lumber. Such a notion would, however, be unjust. The learned divine, Turin deputy, and journalist, tells us that his book is not one of theory, but of positive science, of facts and statistics. Italy, he says, is tempted to apostasy by pictures of the wealth and happiness of England, due, as the Italians are diligently told, to the Protestantism of our countrymen. In answer to this the author undertakes to show that London is not so wealthy or happy as is supposed—to prove by statistics that the population of Rome is really better off, more civilised, and more happy materially than that of London. With a view of amassing the materials of his argument, he paid our capital a visit in the spring of 1857; where he made notes, asked questions, collected documents, and got together a good lot of facts and figures, out of which he has made the present volume. Whether or not his collections resemble those of Count Smaltork, our readers will have the opportunity of judging for themselves.

Our author starts somewhat like a rocket as yet undecided on its course. He *wobbles*, so to say, and deals in semi-contradictions and uncertainties. He is not sure that England owes her grandeur to her Protestantism—though he continually allows himself to write on that supposition; on the contrary, he quotes (p. 25) M. Curci, who declares that our people in the lump are the poorest and most miserable in the world, and that their wretchedness comes precisely from the Reformation: yet he says (p. 22)—and we perfectly agree with him here—that the right answer of every good Italian to the impertinent invitation of the philo-Briton would be, “Better is our misery, sanctified by the Catholic Church, than all the

treasures of the world enjoyed in the arms of falsehood ;" apparently allowing the reality of the Italian misery, and the possession of the goods of the world by nations whose material happiness is counterbalanced by their want of religion. This concession, we should have thought, ought to have prevented his writing the book ; which, after all, however successful in treatment, can at best result only in contradicting the preliminary observations of the writer. Yet immediately after this he announces that he is about to prove that the Catholic Church is better than Protestantism both for the moral and *material* prosperity of a people. He undertakes to do this by a statistical contrast between Rome and London : but his method of comparison is eccentric ; it is thus described in the opening of his third chapter : " Since in the course of this book we have to consider in London the parts that are less good and honourable, while we have only to speak good of Rome, let us hasten to allow" that there is some good in London—all Catholic, however—and some evil in Rome.

But before he enters on his " facts and figures," he devotes a chapter to the proof of the similarity between pagan Rome and protestant London ; of which we will quote some fragments, the style and reasoning of which will materially aid us in forming our opinions of the capacity of M. Margotti for books of " positive" science.

After owning that London is now, as Rome was of old, the biggest city in the world, our author tells us (p. 41),

" In London, as in ancient Rome, there is, according to Addison, a collection of various nations, each having its own customs, manners, and interests. The inhabitants of the city are many ways, both in manner of life and in speaking, different from the inhabitants of other parts ; and the people of St. James's is quite different from that of Cheapside. In the same language are traces of Latin, Italian, Dutch, German, French," &c.

The analysis of this sentence gives curious results. First, we gather that Addison also is among the prophets, and that the scriptures of the *Spectator* are authorities for the history of modern London. Next, we learn the fact that the miscellaneous character of our language has its root in the London slangs ; that if it had not been for the literary eminence of our costermongers, smashers, kiddies, and cognate gentry, our language mayhap would have lacked its rich medley of Latin, Italian, Dutch, German, and French. But seriously, this sentence shows the hopelessness of getting any thing positively scientific out of Dr. Margotti. He had a general notion that the English was a mixed nation ; he probably made a

title to that effect in his notebook, where he jotted down all that he imagined had any reference to the fact, without any care to inquire into dates, to discriminate between cause and effect, accident and substance. So, with the most provoking coolness, he

“ Makes former times shake hands with later,
And that which was before come a'ter.”

And, without the slightest suspicion of his foolishness, he is ready, at a moment's notice, to solve all our difficulties; in whatever we can “inquire for, for every *why* he has his *wherefore*.” But let us proceed with the learned doctor:

“To the deities of pagan Rome London has dedicated some of her streets or squares. She shows you two *Neptune Streets*, four *Minerva Terraces*, two *Apollo Buildings*, one *Diana Place*, *Hercules Street*, and *Hercules Passage*; besides some streets dedicated to *Britannia*, the mythological patroness of England, and half a dozen roads with the title of *Caledonia*, the imaginary goddess of Scotland; without speaking of the name of Albion, rendered so popular, nor of *Sun Street*, *Half-moon Street*, or *Star Alley*!”

Horrible paganism, certainly. If we retorted on the Italian cities, we should probably be told that there is reason for it there; for each pagan name, Minerva or Pantheon, records a victory of the Cross over a false god. So let us take any other Catholic capital, or town, and we will wager that whoever is at the pains to observe the “devotions” of the people will find many more “dedications” to mythological personages than M. Margotti has collected in London. While it is allowed to Catholic Flanders to call one of its villages “Old God,” from an oak, or stone, that was once worshipped there, we don't see why it is pagan in us to call our streets by such names as the learned divine objects to. An Englishman might retort that at least we do not invoke these gods, nor swear by their names—that *corpo di Bacco* and *per Giove* are not phrases in every Englishman's mouth. Not that we object to such redundancies of speech; we only beg that when it is permitted to Dr. Margotti to make an unwise objection, too much wisdom should not be required in our answer. But to proceed:

“Like pagan Rome, London makes into gods her citizens that succeed in any enterprise: thus she holds the Duke of Wellington and Nelson as divinities.” Then he goes on to enumerate the honours paid to the former; and quotes a sentence of a Roman biographer, who says that “prodigality in recompense is the first sign of the fall of a people, and of the corruption of the government.” What would he say to the

Legion of Honour, then? Nelson, it appears, is apotheosed at Greenwich in a picture called "The Immortality of Nelson." Again, "If in Rome there were Luculluses and Apiciuses, every body knows that *comfort* is half the life of a good Englishman, who cannot put you together three sentences without talking of *comforts*, *great comfort*, and *comfortable*." We have, it appears, many pagan superstitions. "As in ancient Rome you were told which foot you must put first, so the poet Gay wrote a poem called *Trivia*, or the art of walking in the streets of London." To a Roman it would probably be a vain superstition and empty formality to talk of an art of walking at all in his streets, where no care could save him from getting his shoes defiled and his mouth filled with dust of the most atrocious composition. But the next sentence beats all we have hitherto quoted; our readers will see that the simple Italian has confounded cricket with boxing-matches. To make his picture perfect, he had only to tell his readers that the day after Christmas is called in London *boxing-day*, from its being entirely devoted by the lower orders to this cruel and even murderous pastime:

"Every body knows that the ancient *pugilatori* still exist in London under the name of *boxers*, who fight together to the death. Pierce Egan, in his *Boxiana*, has placed side by side the rules of ancient and modern pugilism. This custom of fighting, which I don't know how to reconcile with *universal fraternity*, forms one of the exercises of studious youth; and the most celebrated colleges of London have prizes for the best pugilists, as well as for the best scholars. Every year, during the holidays, there are fights between the scholars of Eton and Harrow, and those of Eton and Westminster. They were prohibited in 1857 by the head-masters, whereupon the boys who had left school carried on the tradition that was made impossible to those still under the rod; the newspapers undertook the defence of the aggrieved pupils, and affirmed that during the vacations they depended only on their parents, and that therefore the masters had no power either to forbid or allow their diversion. The *British Review* wrote thus on the subject: 'Another year the boys will certainly exercise themselves again in boxing and fighting; and these exercises, so proper to the Anglo-Saxon race, will not fall into disuse.' And the *Times*, invoking the memory of Wellington, perorated in favour of pugilism as an element of education, because, it said, 'we shall not conquer India with an army of young pedants, or doctors grown pale over their books.'"

In London it appears that we not only encourage young men to knock one another's eyes out with their fists, but that we also allow the exaggerated power of the father over the son, and the husband over the wife, that was permitted by

the laws of pagan Rome. "Well," says Dr. Margotti, "in London fathers dispose so freely of their children, that they make a merchandise of them, and sell them and pledge them as is most convenient." For this, we are sorry to see, he quotes the authority of a Frenchman, M. Léon Faucher, whose *Etudes sur l'Angleterre* enjoy considerable estimation in France. M. Margotti proceeds: "And not only do fathers sell their own sons, but husbands thrash their wives terribly, and either put them up to auction by lottery, or set them aside, or sell them for next to nothing, of which we have quite recent instances." Then we have a translation of our pagan hymn, "Rule, Britannia;" and the chapter concludes with a wonderful piece of oratory to warn London that she may expect the fate of Babylon, whose hanging-gardens were far finer than those of "Surrey," or the "Zoological;" whose squares were decorated with palm-trees, and not planes; whose canals were furrowed by a thousand barques, not barges; whither from all quarters there congregated numberless caravans; while from the towers astronomers observed the heavens, and dense clouds of incense perfumed the air. "And now—bats and scorpions and every filthy kind of insect make their nests there in peace; in some cell of the palace of the Arbaceses the jackal tears the carcass of the horse that has died of starvation in the desert; and the lion stands secure and tranquil, as in his own realm, in the place where Semiramis and Sardanapalus accumulated riches and luxury." Arbaces, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus the three architectural representatives of Babylon! We would advise the Emperor of the French to look out that his doings in the building line are not chronicled by M. Margotti; or posterity may learn with surprise that Prester John of Tartary and Queen Elizabeth of England were sharers with him in his work of the re-edification of Paris. M. Margotti's friends will tell us that this passage is a mere piece of oratory. True; but we submit that, with a little management, a man may contrive that at the bottom even of his oratory there may be some sediment of historical accuracy and unquestionable fact.

As we progress in the pagination, Dr. Margotti progresses in absurdity. Our readers will agree with us that the following is the most delicious of all our author's blunders:

"At the death of Elizabeth, writes Lord John Russell, England ran great danger of losing her own constitution; for the revived paganism had introduced a new system of policy, and classical studies had prepared the higher classes for new methods of administration. In fact, the pagan jurists of England give this idea of the royal power. Blackstone allows impeccability to the king,—*the king can*

do no wrong. According to him the law attributes *absolute perfection* to the king in his political capacity. He is not only unable to do wrong, but even to think wrong; he can do nothing unworthy of him, for he has neither defect nor weakness. In justice the king is never bound to any thing. The jurists call him *the Vicar of God on earth*. Bacon calls him *Deaster quidam*, a kind of little god. And Pope addresses the queen, *Thee, goddess, thee whom Britain's isle adores*. And on this subject Dr. Newman observes, that the queen of England is still seen represented on the money as the goddess of the sea, with the trident in her hand. Every body knows how these doctrines favour despotism; and, in fact, the first Protestant king of England was the greatest and worst tyrant in the world."

Sly Dr. Margotti! you did not mean to tell us whence you got your knowledge of Blackstone and Bacon and Pope, though you have betrayed yourself by your introduction of Dr. Newman as your voucher for the last and most apocryphal of your facts. This is the unkindest cut of all. To drag Dr. Newman's name through all this chaff, and to make him as ridiculous to the knowing Italian and Frenchman as you make yourself to the Englishman! We must try and set matters a little to rights, and not allow so great a damage to exist longer than we can help. To use Dr. Margotti's favourite phrase, "every body knows" Dr. Newman's exquisite parody of Exeter-Hall eloquence in his lectures on "the Present Position of Catholics in England." He is showing that, as an evangelical ignoramus who just dips into our books of morals and theology may cull sentences, which, misunderstood, misinterpreted, unexplained by the context, separated from the general and traditional sense of the Catholic schools, may easily bear a most sinister meaning; so also a Russian unfavourable to the English constitution might make a most effective speech to a Moscow mob about the blasphemies and immoralities of our statutes and law-books. Then he proceeds to put into the mouth of his Cossack Cumming a speech containing just the quotations from Blackstone and Bacon and Pope with which Margotti makes free; and mounting in his feigned person to the sublime of the ridiculous, he at last makes the assertion about Queen Victoria being the goddess of the sea on our shillings, which the senator of Turin quotes with such charming simplicity. What a pity that the corresponding member of the Catholic academy had not wit to see the point of the joke, and to profit by the lesson that was offered him, instead of making himself at once an instance in point, and allowing himself to be used like a helot, who was made drunk in order to show the young Spartans how foolish a man is in that reprehensible condition! We are

afraid that Margotti is a man entirely without the sense of the ridiculous. His "facts and figures" seem derived from *Punch*, or novels, or from such sources as his "most learned and good friend Sir Oscar Oliphant,"*—*verbum sapientibus*. He takes oratorical exaggerations for statistical statements, jocular absurdities for grave truths, and often quotes an author in proof of that which the author pointedly denies. Thus, in the very next page to that whence we have taken the last *galimatias*, he quotes Byron to prove that the English people is still Catholic in its observance of Sunday:

"The seventh day this, the jubilee of man.
London, right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air."

Byron, of course, intended to say, that instead of praying, the citizens celebrated the day by excursions into the country. Margotti, partly perhaps from a defective knowledge of our language, but chiefly, we think, from an utter inability to discriminate between fun and earnest, seems to think that to "gulp our weekly air" is synonymous with "saying our prayers."† But whatever Byron's evidence may be worth, our sabbatarianism is one of the few things for which Margotti admires the English; others are, our respect for established customs, and our docility and obedience to the laws:

"The English are distinguished by a great love for the antique. They still venerate powdered wigs and three-cornered cocked-hats. They will have nothing to do with decimal systems, but go on with their gallons, and their pounds, shillings, and pence. They won't admit the Jews to Parliament" (which they have done) "because it would be against ancient customs. They respect the clerical courts" (which they have just abolished), "and the like. So that in the country of innovators innovations are hated!"

We are much bepraised also for our hatred to Cæsarism, to the God-state, to bureaucracy, and to despotism; but we are warned that we are tending that way:

"Carlyle, a contemporary writer of much reputation, openly manifests a predilection for a despotic government; and the Radical papers, the *Daily News* and the *Examiner*, recommend an *enlightened despotism* as the fittest system for England."

Carlyle and the editors of the papers in question have, we fear, been treated in the same way as Newman and Byron,—their irony taken for gravity, and their jest for earnest. But

* See p. 167.

† He translates it, *respirano lieti la loro aura settimanale*.

here Dr. Margotti might have escaped personal censure, if he had told us that he knew nothing of Carlyle, but had only borrowed his view of that writer from an author to whom he refers elsewhere with much compassion—the Count de Montalembert, in his *Avenir de l'Angleterre*. He concludes his praise of English *governability* with this sentence :

“ Servants understand that in this world there must be persons who command and persons who obey, and they serve. Tradesmen trade, miners dig, every one attends to his own business as an inevitable necessity ; and it is impossible to say how much this way of going on serves to lighten the evils, and to make the ruler’s task easy. O, if there were in Rome a little of this good disposition ! If Catholicity were allowed to have a free and full influence on social life, how much better things would go, and to how much greater advantage to the people !”

After this, wherein an enemy might say that he gives up his whole position, we come to the body of the book, consisting of statistics and observations which we have not time to read, but which we have been told are not quite so absurd as the opening chapters. Several remarks which we have hit upon in turning the pages are characterised by sound sense and considerable power of philosophising. Give our author a thesis which he can treat *à priori*, and he will astonish you ; he will say beautiful things on philosophy, religion, liberty, the sublime, and so forth. It is only when he comes to facts that he is so foolish. As a further specimen of this, let us give the summary of his seventeenth chapter. It is a contrast of the Vatican Library with that of the British Museum. Its headings are :

“ Solicitude of the first Popes to collect books—The Pope’s library, and its adventures—What the last Popes have done for the Vatican—Gifts of Pio IX.—The Vatican is the oldest library of Europe—Hatred of Anglicanism against books—Sack of monastic libraries—One public library in London, eleven in Rome—The capital of Catholicism is the archive of the universe—The recent improvements at the British Museum under the directions of an Italian—Rules.”

Now if M. Margotti means to contrast London with Rome, or with Paris, on this head, any man who has attempted to study at the various places must at once recognise our superiority. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*. The Vatican Library, so far as its Mss. are concerned, might almost as well be non-existent for the student, who has often to spend half a year in Rome before he can get permission to enter it. So with the archives. The archivist

Theiner may have golden apples to keep, but he is a dragon to keep them. We could mention a famous French writer, sent with a commission of his government to search for some documents, who was kept ten months without being allowed to look at any thing, and at last sent away empty. Of course there was no round refusal; excuses, finesse, promises to look and to send the results of the search to France, were to be had in abundance, but no "right of search." In Paris, the entrance of the libraries is free to all the world, but they are only open from ten A.M. to three P.M.; there is vacation for several months in the year; the catalogues cannot be consulted; and in the great library of all we have ourselves more than once asked for books of common occurrence,* which we have been told were not there. The service of the reading-room of the printed books in the Imperial Library is simply disgraceful. Ten years ago, we remember, there was an official who knew the whole library by heart, and told you in a moment whether any book was there or not, in what shelf it might be found, and so on. He spoiled his coadjutors; no catalogues were made, every one trusted to him; and when he died, nobody knew any thing about the matter, and readers are now put off with the most impudently mendacious assertions. We believe that the Emperor has nominated a commission to remedy these defects. In the Mss. department there is every civility; but the catalogues are wretchedly defective, and there are said to be heaps of treasures which are as yet unarranged. While the state archives are almost as difficult of access as they are in Rome, Munich, and, indeed, every where except in London.

In London, the admission to the Museum is by tickets, easily to be obtained by any educated person. The reading-room is open, not three days, as Margotti says, but six days in the week, all the weeks in the year except two; it is open from nine to six in summer, and from nine to four in winter. It consists, not of 200,000 volumes of printed books and 20,000 Mss., which Margotti allows it, after Albert Montemont,—a strange authority to choose, when he had the Museum Guide under his nose, which would have told him quite a different story; for in 1853 there were 510,000 volumes of printed books, and the authorities intended to buy 40,000 volumes last year. A similar ignorance is shown in the contrast of the eleven free libraries of Rome with the one of London. M. Margotti did not know that the archives of the English Government are perhaps the fullest that exist, and

* For instance, Ph. Allegambe, *De Mortibus Illust.*

that they are thrown open with the greatest liberality to every serious reader or writer. They comprise the State-Paper Office, the new Record Office in Chancery Lane, Rolls House, the Chapter-House at Westminster, the Record Office at Carlton Ride, and the Privy-Council journals. The library at Lambeth Palace may also be considered a public one, as admission to its treasures is, we believe, never refused. There may be others, for all that we know; but we are only speaking from our personal experience. We should also be the last to conceal the immense improvements that M. Panizzi has introduced in the interest of readers at the British Museum; but to found an argument on this case, is to provoke from one's enemies the obvious retort, that if the English authorities have chosen an Italian to carry out their plans of publicity and utility in their great library, the Roman authorities have also chosen a stranger, a German, more effectually to carry out their plans of dilatoriness, difficulty, and vexatious delay in their archives. Of course it may be a very doubtful question, how far the state-archives at Rome could be made public; even the English Government exercises much reserve with regard to state-papers not yet a century old; this reserve extends much farther back in the case of foreign correspondence which might be of a nature to stir up international ill-feeling. We are not noticing the present contrast in order to throw blame on the authorities at the Vatican, but only to show how ill-judged is Dr. Margotti's selection of details, and how his instances, properly represented, in reality often turn against himself. We know also that there is a party at Rome, in which some cardinals are to be found, that wishes for the unrestricted publication of all the documents. We do not pretend to pronounce on the difficulties in the way of this consummation; we only say that, till literary men find as great facilities at Rome as at London, it is very foolish of Dr. Margotti to insist upon a contrast of the literary institutions of the two cities.

But we have no intention of following our author through his six hundred pages of real or supposed facts. Arguing as he owns he does, of course it is not difficult to prove any thing that he wishes to prove. Instead of pointing out his mistakes, we would rather say a few words on a style of literature that is getting very popular on the Continent. It has some claims to be called positive, though it has no title to the name of philosophy, and certainly does not appertain to the school of Comte. It is morally positive, and deals much more in unfounded statements and startling denunciations than in reason. Nothing can be said for the side opposed to

it; its enemies are enemies of the human race. Truth, as man accepts it, cannot be divided; one party must be all wrong, the other all right. Because the Catholic dogma is all infallibly true, therefore we must bow to the political and philosophical decisions of the majority of Catholics; we must let the zealots—the movement party—say what they like, we must hold our peace, give no scandal by contradicting them, but feign assent to them even when we cannot feel it. Such seems to be the dictation to which the Traditionalists and the school of the *Univers* in France, under the guidance of F. Ventura and Louis Vieullot, wish to subject the party represented by the *Correspondant*. And Dr. Margotti is a leader of the same kidney: not equal to either of the talented persons just named, but one of the same school; as positive, as forcible, and as wrong-headed. His book is already under the translators' hands; who, we understand, are in such haste, that they have begun it, like a tunnel, at both ends. It is to be published by Casterman in Belgium and France; and doubtless will at once receive a magnificent eulogium from the chiefs of the party in question,—a eulogium which they will still make, after we have proved that it cannot be honestly or wisely given. And the book will be eagerly devoured by zealots, by *dévots* and *dévotés*, and by some pious French colonels, who will find in it one argument the more why England should be humbled. Meanwhile well-read men will laugh, and add one more item to the heap of what they call, with some reason, clerical follies.

Most Christian apologists in France, and some in Italy, are eaten up with one idea that seems to us both false and fatal. The Catholic Church *must* be *the* institution most conducive to material prosperity. Catholic nations *must* be, if not the richest and most powerful, at least the most civilised, the most moral, and the happiest. Civilisation, morality, happiness, in Protestant lands, *must* be a sham, or else Catholicity is a mistake. Every thing good, in every order, must come from the grace of God; but the Church is the sole organ of this grace; whatever grace is given outside her is accidental, and therefore not to be counted. Hence the Church is the sole instrument of every good that can be counted upon; whatever therefore she has no share in must be pronounced evil as a system; what goodness it has is accidental, unless it can be shown to be drawn from Catholic sources: thus all that is good in the English constitution, or in English civilisation, is the product of our Catholic tradition; all that is evil comes from the Reformation. This is so certain, that it is rash, impertinent, suspicious, next door to heresy, to deny it.

You are a blockhead if you can't see it; you are a socialist, a red republican, an atheist, if you won't. The nature of man is not sufficient even for domestic, social, and political comfort; by himself he cannot live decently even for a natural, nay not for an animal end; without the grace of Christianity he cannot be respectable as a son, husband, father, or citizen—he cannot be a brave soldier, or an honest tradesman, or an honourable gentleman, or a sturdy labourer. Man cannot live the life even of a tolerable animal unless he is also a Christian. They never think whether they can prove their thesis or not; they only fear that if they can't, it is all up with them; so they must, they will prove it,—*sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*.

For ourselves, we are more and more convinced that the protest against this school is becoming day by day more necessary. It is a school which pretends to occupy the whole front of the religious battle in France; and the impudence, vanity, conceit, and inaccuracies of its leaders leave it open to tremendous blows, which are hailed by the irreligious party as so many wounds to religion, and which sensible men feel so difficult to answer because they know them to be partially deserved.

But, however this may be, we cannot conclude without expressing our sympathy with those who, like Dr. Margotti, are fighting the battle of religion in Piedmont: our anger at their mistakes is in proportion to our anxiety for their success; the wounds they receive pain us; whatever they suffer, we suffer with them. If they ever see our criticism, let them receive it as the warning of a brother. We have more experience of the battle with Protestantism than they have; we know our enemy; and though we know it to be the most deceitful politician, the most artful and adroit trickster, the most monstrous liar in the universe, we know also that its familiarity with these virtues gives it a sharp eye to detect them in others; and that no falsehood, no inaccurate representations, no weak, inconclusive, or sophistical arguments, are of use against it; they will be turned against ourselves; we are only priming the petard with which we shall be hoisted. With regard to God, it always holds good—but here it is good with regard to men also, that the cause of truth is not served by our lies, no, nor yet by our weak, ill-considered, though well-meant, attempts to defend her.

Neither can we deny that much may be said in extenuation of Dr. Margotti's mistakes. In a sudden danger men catch up the nearest means of escape, without much inquiry into the nature of these means. When the treachery of your

pretended friends has plunged you, thinking of any thing but such a danger, into the thick of a battle, you do not stay to prove your arms, but fight with whatever comes to hand. Now, it is just the pretended admirers of England in Piedmont that have brought Dr. Margotti to this pass; with the name of liberty on their lips, with a feigned respect for the opinion of the majority, they are determined to make their own ideas prevail in spite of the majority opposed to them, and to leave no liberty to contrary sentiments. There are periods when this can be done. William Cecil and Queen Elizabeth proved its possibility. With two-thirds of the people of England against them, they found means so to play off counties against boroughs, and to intimidate or cajole their opponents, that they crushed the religion of the national majority by a parliamentary majority of three voices, and England was astonished at finding herself Protestant. The finesse, the acuteness, the consummate wickedness of these doings, furnish a lesson which the parliamentarians of Piedmont have well learned. They are better at these weapons than Dr. Margotti. Lying is not his line; the education of a priest and a doctor of theology is not one to teach him how to do it with effect. Accordingly his misrepresentations are gross, open, palpable, clownish, unartistic, objectless, useless. For the rest, we beg him to leave these weapons to those whose calling it is to use them,—the ministers of irreligion and immorality.

Literary Notices.

Marie Stuart et Catherine de Médicis. Par A. Chéruei. (Hachette et Cie., 1858.) A book containing some new facts and many old falsehoods. The author had the good luck to discover, in a country-house in Normandy, a number of letters of French ambassadors at the court of Elizabeth, of the years 1575 to 1586. The majority are from Castelnau (Mauvissière), of whose correspondence during his first embassy we gave a specimen in our last Number. They are interesting chiefly for the light they throw on the policy of France in the drama which terminated in the death of Queen Mary. M. Chéruei, however, who shows no particular vocation or competency for the task of judging her conduct, has appended so much of his own matter as was wanted to make up a goodly volume. As the letters he has published are really valuable, we can only regret that he should have thought fit to add any thing of his own. In order to show what his opinions are worth, we need only say that he calls Mignet "the most conscientious" of Mary's biographers (p. 49), "whose learning and impartiality it is impossible to question" (p. 46).

It was the fate of Mary Stuart to be the victim of a party who have always been the foulest calumniators that ever agreed in a lie. The writers by whom their accusations have been repelled, extended to her character the interest which her fate excites. But the day is past when a writer who accepted the judgment of her enemies, or the enthusiasm of some of her admirers, could lay claim to the title of an historian. In the middle ages historians, as well as naturalists, kept their eye upon the action of God in the world, and discerned in all things the manifestation of His power. Their attention was not distracted by the multitude of details. Then came the time of minute research, in which the study of details concealed the unity of idea, and the action of Providence was lost sight of. This was a subordinate view both of nature and history: in the one it led to materialism; in the other to the disappearance of the design and action of God behind the conflict of human will. It gave a prominence to individuals, by which the unity of the subject was destroyed. The explanation of human intentions and character became the key to all history, all disputes turned upon the merits of individuals, and there was an endless field for the exercise of partisan ingenuity. But now men have learnt that there is a greater drama enacting than that which is presented by the fate of the individual actors. In a play, or a novel, the general public are content with details: they tremble with Partridge at the ghost, and remember of Falstaff only his paunch and his jokes; few are able to distinguish the idea which it is the design of the author to bring out in his whole work. So in history it is characteristic of a popular and superficial view to discuss the lives and fortunes of particular persons, and to overlook the great stream of universal history. There are so many trees, says a German proverb, that one cannot see the wood. Partiality in judging great historical characters, and anxiety to identify principles and persons, implies a very imperfect idea of history, and, among Catholics, a very imperfect trust in religion: it shows that they cannot distinguish that which is essential from that which is accidental,—the greatness of God from the weakness of man. It can rarely happen that a principle must stand or fall with the reputation of an individual; and, in the case of Catholics, the cause is always immeasurably above the champion,—we judge men by their fidelity to the cause, not the cause by the virtues of its defenders. No Catholic is as good as his religion. It is the only case in which there is not the slightest inducement to represent friends and enemies otherwise than as they are. Hence perfect impartiality is possible only among Catholics; but among Catholics it is also imperative. Because St. Thomas died a martyr, we are not tempted to deny that he wavered at Clarendon; nor because St. Augustine was the greatest doctor of the West, need we conceal the fact that he was also the father of Jansenism.

So it is with Queen Mary. Almost every action of her reign proved her unworthiness to be the protector of the great cause with which her fate was identified. She owed that position to her birth only; not to her fitness for it. Her whole character betrayed the influence of that state of European society which was the chief secondary cause of the progress of the Reformation. For nearly half a century before that event the condition of religion, even in Italy, was deplorable. Men like St. Francis of Paul and Savonarola shone like meteors in the midst of an all but universal depravity. The Catholic reformation began at the head before it reached the members. Most providentially Luther, and not Calvin, was the leader of the Protestant movement when Leo X. presided over the church. The Lutheran Reformation was followed by a visible deterioration of morals; when, a generation later,

Calvin appeared at the head of a reformed party, conspicuous for sternness, consistency, and moral power, he encountered at the head of the Church a spirit very different from that of Leo, and there was never even an apparent moral superiority on the part of the reformers over the rulers of the Church. In France the temper of the Medicean age survived by fifty years its disappearance from the court of Rome. When Mary lived and reigned in Paris, the Council of Trent, the Jesuits, and the religious wars, had not yet infused the spirit of the Catholic revival into the court and nation. It was the character of the place where she had been educated,—not, indeed, in its worst form, but with all its levity, thoughtlessness, and sensuality,—that she carried with her to Scotland, to encounter the most powerful, devoted, and consistent fanatic that Calvinism ever inspired. In the fatal conflict that ensued between Protestantism, in its most formidable champion, and the feeblest defender of the Church, we cannot always bestow our respect and sympathy on the side which has our wishes. It is only the expiation of her last years, her captivity and death, that invest Mary Stuart with the interest which attaches to her name. We may apply to her an admirable saying of Burke, when reproached by a cynical friend with his eulogy on Marie Antoinette (Works, vol. i. p. 573, ed. 1852): “I really am perfectly astonished how you could dream, with my paper in your hand, that I found no other cause than the beauty of the Queen of France (now, I suppose, pretty much faded) for disapproving the conduct which has been held towards her, and for expressing my own particular feelings. I am not to order the natural sympathies of my own heart, and of every honest breast, to wait until all the jokes of all the anecdotes of the coffee-houses of Paris, and of the dissenting meeting-houses of London, are scoured of all the slander of those who calumniate persons, that afterwards they may murder them with impunity. . . . Am I obliged to prove judicially the virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong and contumely and risk of life, before I endeavour to interest others in their sufferings; and before I endeavour to excite horror against midnight assassins at back-stairs, and their more wicked abettors in pulpits?”

Atlantis. No. 2. (London, Longmans.) Mr. O'Hagan's essay on “Joan of Arc” goes far to remove the shame we have long felt at the disgraceful manner in which Dr. Lingard has treated her story. Although he was entirely unacquainted with continental history, his ignorance is nowhere more conspicuous and more discreditable than here. The commonest authorities which had appeared before his time were not used; and he made no attempt to improve his account in the later editions. He goes so far as to say, that the English would have been justified in putting her to death without a trial (*History of England*, vol. iv. p. 41). Mr. O'Hagan's article is founded exclusively on the valuable and comprehensive compilation of Quicherat, in particular on the acts of the second trial.

Guido Görres, the author of the best life of the Maid of Orleans that has yet been written, had the provoking good fortune to discover these acts after his own work had appeared, and the still greater annoyance of seeing himself anticipated by the publication of the French edition. Although no satisfactory work has since appeared incorporating the new matter, it has been made use of in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the distinguished Catholic historian Carné. Since the appearance of the *Mystik* of the elder Görres, it is inexcusable to neglect the light which is thrown upon the history of Joan by the comparison of similar cases.

The lecture in which the learned physician Hecker, of Berlin, explained the medical phenomenon, has unfortunately been overlooked by all later writers. The present article offers nothing either of historical or psychological research to bring out more distinctly than before the character of her whose marvellous career is the most striking sign that nations are protected by the same Providence which watches over the Church. One of her biographers gives a list of above four hundred works that have been written about her. It is hard to believe that M. Quicherat's five volumes can contain all that is worth consulting by the historian of an event which has employed the labours of so many writers.*

In the next article, Mr. Arnold undertakes the vindication of a rather more questionable character. Alcibiades, he says, has been unfairly dealt with by the moderns, in consequence of their admiration for the Athenian people and institutions, with which he was constantly at variance. Niebuhr, indeed, whom Mr. Arnold quotes in support of his view, compared Alcibiades, in his lectures of 1826, to Catiline. But since Niebuhr's time the current of opinion has changed greatly in his favour. The tone of his recent biographers has been such as to render Mr. Grote's unfavourable judgment an exception, and a new defence almost superfluous. Nor is it quite true that Alcibiades "was constantly at variance with the great majority of his countrymen." The difficulty of understanding his real character has arisen rather from the facility with which he changed sides, according to the interests of the moment, than from his opposition to the Athenian democracy. As Phrynichus truly said, Alcibiades was really attached neither to oligarchy nor democracy (Thuc. viii. 48); and Thucydides himself says that the cause of the enmity he encountered was the jealousy of his rivals (vi. 28). In enumerating the passages in which Alcibiades is mentioned by contemporary writers, Mr. Arnold has omitted a remarkable passage in Plato (Repub. vi. 494), in which, though not named, there is no doubt that Alcibiades is described. In the same enumeration we are sorry to see the second Alcibiades referred to among other platonic dialogues, without a hint as to its spuriousness. The reputation of English critical scholarship has been lately dragged through the mire by such writers as Sir George Lewis, Colonel Mure, and Mr. Gladstone. We should have hoped to find it upheld by a more rigorous tone of criticism amongst the accomplished members of the Catholic university. The second Alcibiades not only has no friends among the moderns, but was rejected as unplatonic even by the ancients (Athenæus, xi. 506). The Romans, the bravest and most patriotic of nations, showed their estimation of Alcibiades when they placed his statue in the forum, together with that of Pythagoras, as the wisest and the bravest of the Greeks (*τὸν φρονιμώτατον καὶ τὸν ἀνδρειότατον Ἑλλήνων*, Plutarch, in vit. Numa, viii.).

It has been the rare good fortune of this country, in our time, to possess what neither France, nor Spain, nor Italy, can boast of,—two great theologians. Both have been richly endowed with the greatest qualities of the divine, and with such personal qualities as gave them an extraordinary influence over the best and ablest of their countrymen: masters in an equal degree of the two great pillars on which the science of theology reposes,—philosophy and history,—and of that classical learning which is the basis of all higher cultivation: one more remark-

* We should have noticed Bishop Gillis' eloquent panegyric of Joan, preached in the cathedral of Orleans, May 8th, 1857, and published, with notes, by Dolman and by Beattie.

able for his profound knowledge of the early ages of the Church, the other for his extensive familiarity with all modern learning. Whilst the conversion of the one was the greatest blow which the Establishment received in our time, the early death of Robert Wilberforce, before he had had an opportunity of serving it, was the greatest loss the Catholic cause has sustained since Möhler died. The reputation and value of a theological writer depends as much on the felicitous adaptation of his writings to the state of religion and of literature in his day as upon the ability he displays in them. The manner in which theology is studied, and the preference given to particular branches, is determined in great measure by external causes. We do not seek the theology of the twelfth century in its commentaries on Genesis, or of the fifteenth in its ecclesiastical histories, any more than that of the nineteenth in commentaries on the Sentences. St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and Scotus are the types of the old theology, as Petavius, Bossuet, and Möhler are the types of the new. Books written on subjects for which the age is not ripe, and books written in a fashion for which the time is gone by, are equally irrelevant and profitless. A treatise of scholastic theology, since Petavius, is of as little avail for the progress of ecclesiastical learning as a treatise on the Ptolemaic system, since Copernicus, for astronomy. With all our admiration for the labours by which Passaglia or Laforet has instructed the students of Rome or Louvain in the dogmas of the Church, and by which Lacordaire or Father Faber has popularised theology for the use of the laity of London and Paris, we feel that the masters and leaders of theological learning are employed elsewhere; and that the zeal and ability with which those eminent men have communicated religious knowledge, with great benefit to many souls, are of a very different degree of usefulness and importance in the progress of theological science than the labours by which the science is really advanced. Dr. Newman's well-known but very questionable distinction between the office of universities and that of academies,—a theory he has happily contributed to refute by his example,—applies in this case. A theology which belongs to the pulpit or the schools, has to repeat and inculcate so much that is already known, that it seldom leads to new discoveries or increase of knowledge. It is very easy to say what is new to the audience without saying any thing that is new to divines. The great controversies by which theology advances do not penetrate so far; and the great extent of ground which it is necessary to traverse generally prevents a profound investigation of particulars. The great mass of divines remain a little in the rear of the actual state of knowledge, and their writings make little impression on learned men either of their own or other parties. Some theologians bury their talent in a hole; some are noted because they put it on a shelf, some in a bag; some prefer one coinage, some another. The talent in most cases remains the same. Some spend it all in sixpences. Few turn it to account on a large scale, and make it increase. It is in theology as in history: there are brilliant essayists like Lord Macaulay, and learned antiquaries like Dr. Rock. The progress of historical art and learning takes very little account of the labours of either. The fourth article, in which Dr. Newman professes to be pursuing merely an historical, not a theological inquiry, is precious not only for throwing light upon a point of doctrinal history, but above all, because it shows that we have still a theologian amongst us. For nearly thirteen years Dr. Newman has been silent on matters strictly theological. His return to the field on which he has hitherto hesitated to venture since he joined the Church, promises that he will yet leave us works as durable as those with which he enriched the Protestant lite-

rature of the country ; and that we shall enjoy to the full the inheritance of his genius.

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. Vol. I. 1854, vol. II. 1858. (London, Sampson Low and Son.) American democracy shares with Athenian democracy the distinction, that the ablest of the citizens condemn it. If we rightly understand him, Mr. Curtis appears (pref. viii. and ix.) ambitious of connecting his work with the Commentaries of Justice Story ; so we may be allowed to seek the key to his opinions in those of that famous judge. Story described himself when he said, "I like as much to see a young man democratic, as an old man conservative" (Life, i. p. 99). "I seem to myself simply to have stood still in my political belief, while parties have revolved about me ; so that, although of the same opinions now as ever, I find my name has changed from Democrat to Whig ; but I know not how or why" (p. 540). Speaking of the English Conservatives, he says, "our Whigs are quite as conservative as themselves" (ii. p. 300). That his views were the very opposite of those which now prevail among his countrymen, the following words may show : "I rejoice to find in the work, brought out with great strength of reasoning, the important truth, I would say in a republican government the fundamental truth, that the minority have indisputable and inalienable rights ; that the majority are not every thing, and the minority nothing ; that the people may not do what they please" (ii. p. 278). And elsewhere he says, with more point than he was aware of, "though an ardent republican, I was always liberal" (i. p. 129). These opinions, though he does not so clearly express them, Mr. Curtis seems to share. It is natural that they should have led him to the study of the origin of the constitution, and that the first satisfactory work on the subject should be by a writer of that school. No government, without a revolution, has ever changed its character so completely, in the same time, as the government of the United States since the presidency of Washington. A gulf separates the partisans of tradition—the remnants of the Federalist party, whose principles mainly inspired the constitution—from the notions that now prevail. It may be owing to this cause that so many of the chief literary men in America belong to this party. On the other hand, the democrats of the present day regard with little sympathy that early period of their constitutional history which was still overshadowed by the conservative opinions of Washington and Hamilton. The moment seems to have arrived when, by common consent, the details of the revolutionary history may be disclosed. Just as in England we have only recently been made acquainted with the papers of the statesmen of George III.'s reign,—Chatham, Rockingham, Burke, Fox, the Grenvilles,—in America, the remains of Franklin and Washington, of Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, have all been published within the last few years. But even now party spirit and national pride are too strong for us to expect that the founders of American independence will be rated by their countrymen at their proper level. As the Swiss patriotically cherished the memory of a crime supposed to have contributed to their emancipation, though it was never committed, the Americans, who may find more authentic blots upon the character of their patriots, are not likely to sit in rigorous judgment over them. It may be owing to this that Mr. Curtis's narrative, though eminently grave and judicious, is somewhat colourless and heavy : it is confined to the establishment of the constitution. Its subsequent progress is a distinct and very different affair, and would not be described

by Mr. Curtis with the same complacency. His book is likely to remain long the chief authority upon the period of American history of which it treats; whilst the progress of democracy in the United States will be studied in the work of Tocqueville. Another equally interesting question has since arisen,—the position of the Church towards American democracy; and it is by the admirable manner in which he has discussed this point, that Dr. Brownson has secured for himself a lasting name in literature. We venture to predict, that his papers on American politics will be remembered when his philosophy is admitted to be obsolete, and when his theological performances are charitably forgotten.

La Tribune Moderne: M. de Chateaubriand. Par M. Villemain. 1858. 1 vol. (Paris, Michel Lévy.) M. Villemain is one of those who are neither reconciled to the despotism that reigns in France nor silenced by fear of it, and who vent their wrath by indirect and remote channels. Works written with this design are generally unfair to their subject. The author is not attracted to it by its own merits, but by the opportunity which it offers of protesting by the way against the powers that be. Inevitably, therefore, the interest of the work will diminish when people become indifferent to the passions which inspired it. A number of successful works have lately appeared which belong to this school. The allusions they contain are eagerly sought, and are admired in proportion as they are disguised. Such motives are destructive of a healthy literature; but though they have injured the sincerity of French writers, they have sharpened their ingenuity. "An opposition," said Göthe, "which is uncontrolled becomes futile and commonplace. Restraint compels it to be ingenious. To speak one's mind plainly and bluntly is only excusable when one is entirely in the right. But a party, inasmuch as it is a party, can never be entirely in the right; and therefore the indirect style, in which the French have always been great masters, is befitting. I tell my servant simply, 'John, pull off my boots;' and he understands me. But with a friend I can't be so explicit, but must cast about for some agreeable amicable device to induce him to do me such a service. Necessity rouses the wit." The literary men of France are connected by so many links with politics and Parisian society, that they are mostly distracted by present interests from devoting themselves to a purely literary work. This is acknowledged by the most eminent and conscientious among them, whom we find protesting against a tendency which is in part their own, and pointing out a danger which they have not entirely escaped. "Rien ne me paraît, en effet, plus nuisible à la véritable intelligence de l'histoire qu'un parti pris systématique d'y chercher un sens préconçu et une leçon particulière," says the Prince de Broglie, in the preface to his *Life of Constantine* (p. viii.). Count de Champagny, a leader of the same party, and perhaps the most unbiased and the most accurate among them, speaks still more to the purpose in his recent work, *Rome et Judée*; a book which would be better if he had not overlooked the best Catholic as well as the best Jewish writer on the subject: "Gardons-nous cependant de ne prendre la science historique que comme l'auxiliaire et la servante des intérêts politiques de notre siècle! Que le présent et le passé s'éclaircissent mutuellement, je ne demande pas mieux: mais tâchons, s'il se peut, qu'ils s'éclaircissent par un rapprochement net, sincère, explicite. C'est un point de vue dangereux, propre à fausser la pensée, que celui qui mettrait l'histoire en avant lorsque c'est la politique qui nous occupe, et, derrière les événements du passé, sous entendrait toujours les passions du présent. . . . Il est bien vrai, ni de tels exemples, ni de telles études,

ni le choix de travaux si éloignés des préoccupations du moment, ne sont guère dans le goût de notre siècle" (pp. iv. v.). The cause of the ephemeral, contentious, superficial character of much of the literature of France is indicated in an excellent remark of S. Marc Girardin,—that it is produced rather by conversation than meditation. History affords an inexhaustible field for this indirect action upon public opinion. An example can always be found where precept is to be avoided. Hence many histories have been written by men who had no vocation and no real inclination for it, and who have studied only their subject, not their art.

M. Villemain at least makes no secret of the intention with which he has undertaken the series of biographies of which this life of Chateaubriand is the first. He wishes to recall "une époque à jamais illustre pour la France," "un noble exemple qu'elle a donné au monde;" to revive, in a word, the brilliant recollections connected with parliamentary government. To this end, he promises sketches of the masters of parliamentary eloquence in England, and the founders of it in France: Burke, Fox, Mr. Canning, and Lord Grey; Lainé, De Serre, Foy, and Royer Collard. The most eminent of these, De Serre and Royer Collard, are still but imperfectly known; and we look forward with great interest to the account which M. Villemain is to give of them. Towards Chateaubriand he appears to be attracted as much by sympathy with his literary performances as by admiration for his politics, least of all by respect for his character. Indeed, there is a certain want of harmony proceeding from this, which the great urbanity of M. Villemain does not entirely conceal. The chief difficulty of Chateaubriand's biographer arises from the fact that he wrote a very voluminous life of himself, by which many points were surrounded with falsehood and obscurity. M. Villemain hardly ever quotes the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* without bestowing an amusing and academical rebuke on the unscrupulous mendacity of their author. His own recollections, and some unpublished papers, furnish him with ample materials for a complete sketch of the political career of his hero. His own political views, for a former minister of Louis Philippe, are not marked by any striking originality or depth. He overlooks entirely a third element—that on which our government is founded—in his view of constitutional government: "La monarchie constitutionnelle est un gouvernement salubre, parce qu'elle est un gouvernement pondéré. La résistance désirable est, parfois dans les chambres, parfois dans la couronne" (p. 224). If we bear in mind that the principles of 1789, not those of 1793, mark the difference of constitutional and revolutionary opinions, we shall find those of M. Villemain sufficiently characterised by such passages as, "Chateaubriand avait l'esprit trop libre pour blâmer le principe de la révolution" (p. 32); or the description of M. Cacault as a "révolutionnaire honnête et sensé" (p. 108). There is little about Chateaubriand's literary character or his religious opinions, for this volume belongs to an essentially political series. The *Génie du Christianisme* is concisely but happily described: "Ce fut la pensée du plus grand nombre traduite par un homme de génie; ce fut un lieu commun populaire embelli par une éloquence originale" (p. 78); and the author as "ramené par la politique à la religion, et par l'amour de la poésie à la méditation de la Bible" (p. 156).

It is impossible to look with reverence or satisfaction upon Chateaubriand as a restorer of religion in France. There is something humiliating to Catholics in his fame. He was ignorant and prejudiced. His immorality was not disguised with even the semblance of piety. His splendid powers, his courage, his admirable eloquence, were alloyed

with an incredible vanity and a cold and selfish heart. The influence and reputation of his early writings enable us to judge how low religion must have fallen, and how urgently a change was needed, when it could be revived and brought into fashion by such superficial advocacy. At the time when in Germany pantheism arose to deliver men from rationalism, in France poetry rescued them from materialism. In reality it was only the imaginative artistic side of religion that Chateaubriand revived, or even understood. This semi-religiousness came to be adopted in quarters where true religion was not thought of, and has given an almost edifying appearance to many productions of French literature that have really received their inspiration from a very different source. But whilst unbelieving writers (such as Lamartine) put on for a season the garb of Christians, true Catholics were tempted to content themselves with a rather superficial view of religion. The consequence was, that they were easily led into extremes; and the only great writer who appeared at that time—De Maistre—was misunderstood and misapplied by his admirers almost as much as by his enemies. That declamatory treatment of religion which Chateaubriand introduced, and which culminated in Lamennais, lasted long after the direct influence of both had passed away. It disfigures the sermons of Lacordaire, and the earlier works and speeches of Count de Montalembert, who has lived to behold the rise and to take the lead of a better school.

Doctor Thorne. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden," &c.—*Scenes of Clerical Life.* By George Eliot. (Blackwood and Sons.) Somebody once said that whoever made two blades of corn grow where before only one had grown, was a benefactor to the human race. In our infirmity we are disposed to assign a similar honour to every man or woman who writes a good novel. Are not novels one of the most delightful of the minor blessings of civilisation? Nay, are they not entitled to rank among its greater blessings? From whence have we personally derived a greater amount of pleasure and comfort—say, from "Pickwick" or the penny-post; from Thackeray or railway travelling; from Walter Scott or the new police; from Miss Austen or cheap calico and dear guano? It may seem shameful and mean-spirited even to dream of such a comparison; but, as a friend of ours once asked us, "Which would you prefer—never to see your dearest friend again, or never to have any more butter as long as you live?" Accordingly we are not ashamed to avow our conviction that whoever writes a good, lively, entertaining, comforting novel,—one that causes the diaphragm pleasantly to titillate, smooths the wrinkles on the brow, and causes us to enjoy existence amidst our fellow-creatures more keenly than before,—is a benefactor to his species.

We are happy to be able to recommend two new novels to our readers, which have, in our own cases, caused us to experience this grateful renewal of agreeable sensations. Mr. Trollope, the author of *Doctor Thorne*, has already written two very good stories, "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers"—the latter a sequel to the former; and one very conspicuous failure, "The Three Clerks." *Doctor Thorne* is not so good as "The Warden" or "Barchester Towers;" but it is nevertheless a shrewd, sensible, vivacious fiction; showing up sundry types of personages whom we all rightly enjoy to see shown up, and mingling with its satire and animal spirits occasional passages of unquestionable power and pathos. Mr. Trollope writes, however, with a fatal facility. If he goes on at the rate at which he has produced his last three books, he will beat Mr. G. P. R. James all to pieces. But he must take the

consequences. He will run to seed before his summer-time has fairly begun; and the gardener who is looking out for flowers will number his productions among worthless weeds.

"George Eliot" is understood to be a *nom de guerre*. Who the writer is, we do not happen to know. What he is, in position and opinion, is clear enough. He is unmistakably an Anglican clergyman of the broad-church school in theology, with a slightly high-church colouring to his views, drawn from practical and æsthetical sources, and most laudably free from bigotry of any kind whatsoever. But whatever he is, he is certainly a gentleman with no little fun about him, added to a strong dash of sentiment (generally pretty healthy), and a keen eye for the poetry of the visible world. The *Scenes from Clerical Life*, reprinted from "Blackwood," are three in number; not always put together very skilfully, and unfortunately a little tending to "dragging" at the end. Moreover, in the story of "Janet's Repentance" there is a little too much of the sentimental and theological towards the termination; while to call Mr. Tryan, the hero of the story, an "Evangelical" is about as correct as it would be to call him a Papist. It is difficult to give any exact idea of "George Eliot's" style, which is on the whole new, without extracts, which our space does not allow; though we might select not a few, from brief sentences like that in which we see the Rev. Amos Barton in his bed, "snoring the snore of the just," to the exposition of Mrs. Jorome's reasons for acquiescing in her dissenting husband's chapel-going, notwithstanding her own bringing-up as a churchwoman. Our only advice to the author is, that when he writes again,—which we hope will be the case,—he will not expend all his gaiety on the first half of his stories, and give us nothing but gravity during the remainder.

A Month in Yorkshire. By Walter White. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Walter White, whose acquaintance we first made in "A Walk to the Land's End," is not a brilliant but an observant writer, of good principles, and free from bigotry. We will cull at hazard a few of his reports. "In Staffordshire, within twenty miles of Birmingham, there are districts where baptism, marriage, and other moral and religious observances, considered as essentials of Christianity, are as completely disregarded as among the heathen. In some parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire similar characteristics prevail." But Mr. White thinks that morality is no worse in those parts, though manners are coarser.

At Bridlington he dines with a party whose unanimous opinion it was that he had sinned much in walking all Sunday morning. It was wrong in itself, besides "setting such a bad example." They would not hear reason; the fourth commandment settled the matter. Then they began urging him to stay over Monday; to take a boat-trip to Flamborough Head, and shoot at the sea-fowl: "The possibilities of weather, the merits of cold pies, sandwiches, and lively bottled drinks, were talked about in a way that led me to infer that there was nothing at all wrong in consuming the holy day in anticipations of pleasure to come in the days reckoned unholy." The party walked part of the way with him to Flamborough; there is nothing wrong, it appears, in short walks on a Sunday.

We have several reports of conversations with Yorkshire rustics. They are all well-to-do. They eat mutton and beef most days. They don't want to emigrate; Yorkshire is good enough for them. "While talking to them, and listening to their conversation among themselves, my old conviction strengthened, that the rural folk are not the fools they are commonly taken to be. Choose such words as they are familiar with,—

such as John Bunyan uses,—and you can make them understand any ordinary subject, and take pleasure in it.”

These wandering human-naturalists have at least one fault,—they treat man and beast alike; they go about spying into corners, seeing what the horses, snails, limpets, fishermen, dogs, farmers, magpies, rooks, lawyers, and humble-bees are doing or saying. An observation is the end of their existence. They make it, and note it, and publish it, and forthwith set themselves up as instructors of the human race. They write readable books, despite their lack of method or art; but they must not think themselves at all superior beings to the human subjects whom they observe, manipulate, and report upon.

History of the Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington, from the French of M. Brialmont, Captain on the staff of the Belgian army. With emendations and additions by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. 3 vols. (Longmans.) A foreigner has written by far the best life of our illustrious captain,—most critical, most rational, and on the whole most favourable, because it is written without special bias, so that the praise is the result of judgment, not of prejudice. The style is good, and the Belgian officer shows himself a better critic of Wellington's plans than Wellington himself. At least such is our impression after reading a lengthy defence of certain dispositions of his own by the Duke, inserted by the editor in the second volume. Mr. Gleig's additions are something like green-baize patches on broadcloth.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By A. von Humboldt. Vol. IV. Part I. Translated under the superintendence of General Sabine. (London, Longmans.) The hoary naturalist cannot tear himself away from this pet child of his old age; he cannot prevail on himself to close his labours. When part ii. of vol. iv.—the concluding volume—comes out, we shall doubtless be told it is to be followed by part iii. vol. iv.; so that the last volume will keep spreading itself out across our shelves till the fingers of its writer fail in death. *Cosmos* was virtually finished in the two first volumes; they contained the “sketch;” all the rest are but notes, additions, corrections, commentaries; indeed, in the present large volume the different sections are headed, “Extension of the ‘picture of nature’ in *Kosmos*, b. i. §§ 171-178, &c. ;” and they “extend” the picture not only into chemical disquisitions on the composition of its colours, but into recondite accounts of the formation of the paint-brushes, with biographical sketches of the tradesman at whose shop they were bought, of the workmen who made them, and of the camel that furnished the hair. We bought his picture, and the artist is not content without our buying all his plant to boot; we must not only admire his building, we must also swallow his scaffolding;—in a word, this old gentleman is getting troublesome and prolix. His work at first appealed to every well-educated and intelligent man; now it appeals only to the most narrow circle of specially scientific men. He is like Pascal's doctor, who, after saying all he had to say, went on talking another quarter of an hour from the mere love of speaking.